



Whence straight he came with hat and wig,

A wig that droop'd behind,

**JOHN GILPIN.**

A hat not much the worse for wear ;

each comely in it's kind.

THE  
MISCELLANEOUS WORKS  
OF  
OLIVER GOLDSMITH.  
VOLUME SEVENTH.

CONTAINING  
POEMS FOR YOUNG LADIES.

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PERTH:

PRINTED BY R. MORISON, JUNIOR,  
FOR R. MORISON AND SON, BOOKSELLERS, PERTH; N.  
R. CHEYNE, EDINBURGH; AND W. COKE, LEITH.  
M,DCC,XCII.



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P O E M S

FOR

Y O U N G L A D I E S.

IN THREE PARTS.

DEVOTIONAL, MORAL, AND ENTERTAINING.

SELECTED BY

D R G O L D S M I T H.

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P R E F A C E.

DOCTOR FORDYCE's excellent Sermons for Young Women in some measure gave rise to the following compilation. In that Work, where he so judiciously points out all the defects of female conduct to remedy them, and all the proper studies which they should pursue, with a view to improvement, Poetry is one to which he particularly would attach them. He only objects to the danger of pursuing this charming study through all the immoralities and false pictures of happiness with which it abounds, and thus becoming the martyr of innocent curiosity.

In the following compilation care has been taken to select, not only such pieces as innocence may read without a blush, but such as will even tend to strengthen that innocence. In this little work a Lady may find the most exquisite pleasure, while she is at the same time learning the duties of life; and, while she courts only entertainment, be deceived into wisdom. Indeed, this would be too  
great



*great a boast in the preface to any original work; but here it can be made with safety, as every Poem in the following collection would singly have procured an Author great reputation.*

*They are divided into DEVOTIONAL, MORAL, and ENTERTAINING, thus comprehending the three great duties of life; that which we owe to GOD, to our neighbour, and to ourselves.*

*In the first part, it must be confessed, our English Poets have not very much excelled. In that department, namely, the praise of our Maker, by which Poetry began, and from which it deviated by time, we are most faultily deficient. There are one or two, however, particularly the DEITY, by Mr Boyse; a Poem, when it first came out, that lay for some time neglected, till introduced to public notice by Mr Hervey and Mr Fielding. In it the reader will perceive many striking pictures, and perhaps glow with a part of that gratitude which seems to have inspired the Writer.*

*In*

# P R E F A C E.

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*In the Moral part I am more copious, from the same reason, because our language contains a large number of the kind. Voltaire, talking of our Poets, gives them the preference in moral pieces to those of any other nation; and indeed no Poets have better settled the bounds of duty, or more precisely determined the rules for conduct in life than ours. In this department the fair Reader will find the Muse has been solicitous to guide her, not with the allurements of a syren, but the integrity of a friend.*

*In the Entertaining part my greatest difficulty was what to reject. The materials lay in such plenty, that I was bewildered in my choice; in this case then I was solely determined by the tendency of the Poem; and where I found one, however well executed, that seemed in the least tending to distort the judgment, or inflame the imagination, it was excluded without mercy. I have here and there indeed, when one of particular beauty offered with a few blemishes, lopt off the defects, and thus, like the tyrant, who fitted all strangers to the bed he had prepared for*

*for them, I have inserted some, by first adapting them to my plan ; we only differ in this, that he mutilated with a bad design, I from motives of a contrary nature.*

*It will be easier to condemn a compilation of this kind, than to prove its inutility. While young Ladies are readers, and while their Guardians are solicitous that they shall only read the best books, there can be no danger of a work of this kind's being disagreeable. It offers, in a very small compass, the very flower of our Poetry, and that of a kind adapted to the sex supposed to be its readers. Poetry is an art, which no young Lady can, or ought to be wholly ignorant of. The pleasure which it gives, and indeed the necessity of knowing enough of it to mix in modern conversation, will evince the usefulness of my design ; which is to supply the highest and the most innocent entertainment at the smallest expence ; as the Poems in this collection, if sold singly, would amount to ten times the price of what I am able to afford the present.*

P O E M S  
FOR  
Y O U N G L A D I E S.

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P A R T I.  
D E V O T I O N A L.

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D E I T Y.

This Poem was originally published without any success: it lay dormant for some time, till it was taken notice of by FIELDING and HERVY: since that, it has been esteemed as it merits.—The most striking passages are here selected.

OMNIPRESENCE.

THROUGH the unmeasurable tracts of space,  
Go Muse divine! and present Godhead trace!  
Should'st thou above the heav'n of heav'ns ascend,  
Could'st thou below the depth of depths descend;  
Could thy fond flight beyond the starry sphere,  
The radiant morning's lucid pinions bear!  
There should his brighter presence shine confess'd,  
There his almighty arm thy course arrest!

VOL. VII.

B

Could'st

10 POEMS FOR YOUNG LADIES.

Could'st thou the thickest veil of night assume,  
 Or think to hide thee in the central gloom!  
 Yet there, all patient to his piercing sight,  
 Darkness itself would kindle into light:  
 Not the black mansions of the silent grave,  
 Nor darker hell from his perception save;  
 What pow'r, alas! thy footsteps can convey  
 Beyond the reach of omnipresent day?  
 In his wide grasp, and comprehensive eye,  
 Immediate, worlds on worlds unnumber'd lie:  
 Systems inclos'd in his Idea roll,  
 Whose all-informing mind directs the whole:  
 Lodg'd in his view, their certain ways they know;  
 Plac'd in that sight from whence can nothing go.  
 On earth his footstool fix'd, in heav'n his seat;  
 Enthron'd he dictates—and his word is Fate.  
 Nor want his shining images below,  
 In streams that murmur, or in winds that blow;  
 His spirit broods along the boundless flood;  
 Smiles in the plain, and whispers in the wood;  
 Warms in the genial sun's enliv'ning ray,  
 Breathes in the air, and beautifies the day!  
 Steals on our footsteps wherefoe'er we go,  
 And yields the purest joys we taste below.  
 Should man his great immensity deny,  
 Man might as well usurp the vacant sky:

For



For were he limited in date, or view,  
Thence were his attributes imperfect too;  
His knowledge, pow'r, his goodness all confin'd,  
And lost the notion of a ruling Mind!  
Feeble the trust, and comfortless the sense,  
Of a defective partial Providence!  
Boldly might then his arm injustice brave,  
Or innocence in vain his mercy crave;  
Dejected virtue lift its hopeless eye!  
And deep distress pour out the heartless sigh!  
An absent God, no abler to defend,  
Protect, or punish, than an absent friend;  
Distant alike our wants or griefs to know,  
To ease the anguish, or prevent the blow!  
If he, supreme director, were not near,  
Vain were our hope, and empty were our fear;  
Unpunish'd vice would o'er the world prevail,  
And unrewarded virtue toil—to fail!  
The moral world a second chaos turn,  
And nature for her great Supporter mourn!  
Even the weak embryo, ere to life it breaks,  
From his high pow'r its slender texture takes;  
While in his book the various parts inroll'd,  
Increasing, own eternal Wisdom's mould.  
Nor views he only the material whole,  
But pierces thought, and penetrates the soul!



Ere from the lips the vocal accents part,  
 Or the faint purpose dawns within the heart !  
 His steady eye the mental birth perceives,  
 Ere yet to us the new idea lives !  
 Knows what we say—ere yet the words proceed,  
 And ere we form th' intention, marks the deed !  
 But Conscience, fair vicegerent-light within,  
 Asserts its author, and restores the scene !  
 Points out the beauty of the govern'd plan,  
 " And vindicates the ways of God to man."  
 Then sacred Muse, by the vast prospect fir'd,  
 From heav'n descended, as by heav'n inspir'd ;  
 His all-enlight'ning Omnipresence own, [known ;  
 Whence first thou feel'st thy dwindling presence  
 His wide Omniscience, justly grateful sing,  
 Whence thy weak science prunes its callow wing !  
 And blest th' eternal—all-informing soul,  
 Whose sight pervades, whose knowledge fills the  
 [whole !

## IMMUTABILITY.

As the Eternal and Omniscient Mind,  
 By laws not limited, nor bounds confin'd ;  
 Is always independent, always free,  
 Hence shines confess'd Immutability !  
 Change, whether the spontaneous child of will,  
 Or birth of force,—is imperfection still.

But

But he, all-perfect, in himself contains  
Pow'r self-deriv'd, for from himself he reigns !  
If, alter'd by constraint we could suppose,  
That God his fix'd stability should lose ;  
How startles reason at a thought so strange !  
What power can force Omnipotence to change ?  
If from his own divine productive thought,  
Were the yet-stranger alteration wrought ;  
Could excellence supreme, new rays acquire ?  
Or strong perfection raise its glories higher !  
Absurd !—his high meridian brightness glows,  
Never decreases, never overflows !  
Knows no addition, yields to no decay,  
The sacred blaze of inexhaustible day !  
Below, thro' different forms does matter range,  
And life subsists from elemental change,  
Liquids condensing shapes terrestrial wear,  
Earth mounts in fire, and fire dissolves in air ;  
While we, enquiring phantoms of a day,  
Inconstant as the shadows we survey !  
With them, along Time's rapid current pass,  
And haste to mingle with the parent mass ;  
But Thou, Eternal Lord of life divine !  
In youth immortal shalt for ever shine !  
No change shall darken thy exalted name,  
From everlasting ages still the same !

If God, like man, his purpose could renew,  
 His laws could vary, or his plans undo;  
 Desponding Faith would droop its chearless wing,  
 Religion deaden to a lifeless thing!  
 Where could we, rational, repose our trust,  
 But in a pow'r immutable as just?  
 How judge of revelation's force divine,  
 If truth unperring gave not the design;  
 Where, as in nature's fair according plan,  
 All smiles benevolent and good to man.  
 Plac'd in this narrow clouded spot below,  
 Darkly we see around, and darkly know!  
 Religion lends the salutary beam,  
 That guides our reason through the dubious gleam;  
 Till sounds the hour!—when he who rules the skies,  
 Shall bid the curtain of Omniscience rise!  
 Shall dissipate the mists that veil our sight,  
 And show his creatures——*all his ways are right!*  
 Then when astonish'd nature feels its fate,  
 And fetter'd Time shall know its latest date!  
 When earth shall in the mighty blaze expire,  
 Heav'n melt with heat, and worlds dissolve in fire!  
 The universal system shrink away,  
 And ceasing orbs confess th' Almighty sway!  
 Immortal He, amidst the wreck secure,  
 Shall sit exalted, permanently pure!

As

As in the Sacred Bush, shall shine the same,  
And from the ruin raise a fairer frame!

## OMNIPOTENCE.

Far hence ye visionary charming maids,  
Ye fancy'd nymphs that haunt the Grecian shades!  
Your birth, who from conceiving fiction drew,  
Yourself producing phantoms as untrue;  
But come, superior Muse! divinely bright,  
Daughter of heav'n, whose offspring still are light;  
Oh condescend, celestial sacred guest!  
To purge my sight, and consecrate my breast:  
While I presume Omnipotence to trace,  
And sing that Pow'r, who peopled boundless space!  
Thou present wert, when forth th' Almighty rode  
While Chaos trembled at the voice of God!  
Thou saw'st, when o'er th' immense his line he drew,  
When Nothing from his Word existence knew!  
His Word, that wak'd to life the vast profound,  
While conscious light was kindl'd at the sound!  
Creation fair! surpriz'd th' angelic eyes,  
And sov'reign Wisdom saw that all was wise!  
Him, sole almighty Nature's book displays,  
Distinct the page, and legible the rays!  
Let the wild sceptic his attention throw,  
To the broad horizon, or earth below;

He

He finds thy soft impressiion touch his breast,  
He feels the God,—and owns him unconfess'd !  
Should the stray-pilgrim, tir'd of sands and skies,  
In Libya's waste behold a palace rise,  
Would he believe the charm from atoms wrought ?  
Go, Atheist, hence, and mend thy juster thought !  
What hand, almighty architect ! but thine  
Could give the model of this vast design ?  
What hand but thine adjust th' amazing whole ?  
And bid consenting systems beauteous roll !  
What hand but thine supply the solar light ?  
For ever wasting, yet for ever bright !  
What hand but thine the starry train array,  
Or give the moon to shed her borrow'd ray ?  
What hand but thine the azure convex spread ?  
What hand but thine trace out the ocean's bed ?  
To the vast main the sandy barrier throw,  
And with that feeble curb restrain the foe !  
What hand but thine the wintry flood assuage,  
Or stop the tempest in its wildest rage !  
Thee infinite ! what finite can explore ?  
Imagination sinks beneath thy pow'r ;  
Thee could the ablest of thy creatures know,  
Lost were thy unity, for he were thou !  
Yet present to all sense thy pow'r remains,  
Reveal'd in nature, nature's author reigns !



In vain would error from conviction fly,  
Thou every where art present to the eye!  
The sense how stupid, and the sight how blind,  
That fails this universal truth to find?

Go!—all the fightless realms of space survey,  
Returning trace the *planetary way*!  
The sun, that in his central glory shines,  
While ev'ry planet round his orb inclines;  
Then at our intermediate globe repose,  
And view yon lunar Satellite that glows!  
Or cast along the azure vault thy eye,  
When golden day enlightens all the sky;  
Around behold earth's variegated scene,  
The mingling prospects, and the flow'ry green;  
The mountain's brow, the long extended wood,  
Or the rude rock that threatens o'er the flood!  
And say are these the wild effects of chance?  
Oh strange effect of reas'ning ignorance!  
Nor pow'r alone confess'd in grandeur lies,  
The glittering planet, or the painted skies!  
Equal the elephant's or emmet's dress  
The wisdom of Omnipotence confesses;  
Equal the cumb'rous whale's enormous mass  
With the small insect in the crowded grass;  
The mite that gambols in its acid sea,  
In shape a porpus, though a speck to thee!

Ev'n the blue down the purple plumb furrounds,  
A living world, thy failing fight confounds!  
To him a peopled habitation shows,  
Where millions taste the bounty God bestows!  
Great Lord of life, whose all-controlling might  
Through wide creation beams divinely bright,  
Nor only does thy pow'r in forming shine,  
But to annihilate, dread King! is thine.  
Shouldst thou withdraw thy still-supporting hand,  
How languid Nature would astonish'd stand!  
'Thy frown night's ancient empire would restore,  
And raise a blank——where systems smil'd before!  
See in corruption, all surprising state,  
How struggling life eludes the stroke of fate;  
Shock'd at the scene, though sense averts its eye,  
Nor stops the wond'rous process to discry;  
Yet juster thought the mystic change pursues,  
And with delight almighty wisdom views!  
The brute, the vegetable world surveys,  
Sees life subsisting ev'n from life's decays!  
Mark there, self-taught, the pensive reptile come,  
Spin his thin shroud, and living build his tomb!  
With conscious care his former pleasures leave,  
And dress him for the business of the grave! [springs,  
Thence pass'd the short-liv'd change, renew'd he  
Admires the skies, and tries his painted wings!

With

With airy flight the insect roves abroad,  
And scorns the meaner earth he lately trod !  
Thee, potent, let deliver'd Israel praise,  
And to thy name their grateful homage raise !  
Thee potent God ! let Egypt's land declare,  
Which felt thy justice awfully severe !  
How did thy frown benight the shadow'd land ?  
Nature revers'd, how own thy high command ?  
When jarring elements their use forgot,  
And the sun felt thy overcasting blot !  
When earth produc'd the pestilential brood,  
And the foul stream was crimson'd into blood !  
How deep the horrors of that awful night !  
How strong the terror, and how wild the fright !  
When o'er the land thy sword vindictive past,  
And men and infants breath'd at once their last !  
How did thy arm thy favour'd tribes convey !  
Thy light conducting, point th' amazing way !  
Obedient ocean to their march divide,  
The wat'ry wall distinct on either side ;  
While through the deep the long procession led,  
And saw the wonders of the oozy bed !  
Nor long they march'd, till black'ning in the rear,  
The vengeful tyrant and his host appear ;  
Plunge down the deep,—the waves thy nod obey,  
And whelm the threat'ning storm beneath the sea !

Ev'n the blue down the purple plumb furrounds,  
A living world, thy failing fight confounds!  
To him a peopled habitation shows,  
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The vengeful tyrant and his host appear ;  
Plunge down the deep,—the waves thy nod obey,  
And whelm the threat'ning storm beneath the sea !



Nor yet thy pow'r thy chosen train forsook,  
When through Arabia's sands their way they took;  
By day thy *cloud* was present to the fight,  
Thy fiery *pillar* led the march by night;  
Thy hand amidst the waste their table spread,  
With feather'd viands, and with Heav'nly bread:  
When the dry wilderness no streams supply'd,  
Gush'd from the yielding rock the vital tide!  
What limits can Omnipotence confine!  
What obstacles restrain thy arm divine!  
Since fones and waves their settled laws forego,  
Since seas can harden, and since rocks can flow?  
On Sinai's top the Muse, with ardent wing,  
The triumphs of Omnipotence would sing,  
When o'er its airy brow thy cloud display'd,  
Involv'd the nations in its awful shade!  
When gloomy darkness fill'd its midmost space,  
And the rock trembled to its rooted base;  
Yet there thy majesty divine appear'd,  
There shone thy glory, and thy voice was heard;  
Ev'n in the blaze of that tremendous day,  
Idolatry its impious rights could pay!  
Oh shame to thought!—Thy sacred throne invade,  
And brave the bolt that linger'd round its head!

WISDOM.

## WISDOM.

O Thou, who when th' almighty form'd this all,  
Upheld the scale, and weigh'd each ballanc'd ball;  
And as his hand completed each design,  
Number'd the work, and fix'd the seal divine;  
O Wisdom infinite! creation's soul,  
Whose rays diffuse new lustre o'er the whole;  
What tongue shall make thy charms celestial known!  
What hand, fair Goddess! paint thee but thy own!  
What though in nature's universal store,  
Appear the wonders of almighty pow'r!  
Pow'r unattended, terror would inspire,  
Aw'd must we gaze, and comfortless admire.  
But when fair Wisdom joins in the design,  
The beauty of the whole result's divine!  
See, how associate round their central sun,  
Their faithful rings the circling planets run;  
Still equi-distant, never yet too near,  
Exactly tracing their appointed sphere.  
Mark how the moon our flying orb pursues,  
While from the sun her monthly light renews;  
Breathes her wide influence on the world below,  
And bids the tides alternate ebb and flow.  
View how in course the constant seasons rise,  
Deform the earth, or beautify the skies:  
First Spring advancing, with her flow'ry train,  
Next Summer's hand that spreads the sylvan scene,  
Then

Then Autumn with her yellow harvests crown'd,  
And trembling Winter close the annual round.  
The vegetable tribes observant trace,  
From the tall cedar to the creeping grass:  
The chain of animated beings scale,  
From the small reptile to th' enormous whale;  
From the strong eagle stooping from the skies,  
To the low insect that escapes thy eyes!  
And see, if see thou can'st, in ev'ry frame,  
Eternal Wisdom shine confess'd the same:  
As proper organs to the least assign'd,  
As proper means to propagate their kind;  
As just the structure, and as wise the plan,  
As in this lord of all—debating man!  
Hence, reas'ning creature, thy distinction find,  
Nor longer to the ways of heav'n be blind.  
Wisdom in outward beauty strikes the mind,  
But outward beauty points a charm behind.  
What gives the earth, the ambient air or seas,  
The plain, the river, or the wood to please?  
Oh say, in whom does beauty's self reside,  
The Beautifier, or the beautify'd?  
There dwells the Godhead in the bright disguise,  
Beyond the ken of all created eyes!  
His works our love, and our attention steal,  
His works (surprising thought!) the maker veil;

Too weak our sight to pierce the radiant cloud,  
 Where Wisdom shines, in all her charms avow'd!  
 O gracious God! omnipotent and wise,  
 Unerring Lord, and ruler of the skies;  
 All condescending to my feeble heart,  
 One beam of thy celestial light impart;  
 I seek not fordid wealth, or glitt'ring pow'r,  
 O grant me Wisdom—and I ask no more!

## PROVIDENCE.

As from some level country's shelter'd ground,  
 With towns replete, with green inclosures bound,  
 Where the eye, kept within the verdant maze,  
 But gets a transient vista as it strays!  
 The pilgrim to some rising summit tends,  
 Whence opens all the scene as he ascends:  
 So Providence the friendly point supplies,  
 Where all the charms of Deity surprize;  
 Here Goodness, Power, and Wisdom all unite,  
 And dazzling Glorious whelm the ravish'd sight!  
 Almighty Cause! 'tis thy preserving care,  
 That keeps thy works for ever fresh and fair!  
 The sun from thy superior radiance bright,  
 Eternal sheds his delegated light,  
 Lends to his sister orb inferior day,  
 And paints the silver moon's alternate ray;

Thy

Thy hand the waste of eating time renews,  
Thou shed'st the tepid morning's balmy dews;  
When raging winds the blacken'd deep deform,  
Thy spirit rides commission'd in the storm;  
Bids at thy will the slack'ning tempest cease,  
While the calm'd ocean smooths its ruffled face;  
When light'nings through the air tremendous fly,  
Or the blue plague is loosen'd to destroy;  
Thy hand directs, or turns aside the stroke,  
Thy word the fatal edict can revoke;  
When subterraneous fires the surface heave,  
And towns are bury'd in one common grave  
Thou suffer'st not the mischief to prevail,  
Thy sov'reign touch the recent wound can heal.  
To Zembla's rocks thou send'st the chearful gleam,  
O'er Libya's sands thou pour'st the cooling stream;  
Thy watchful Providence o'er all intends,  
Thy works obey their great Creator's ends.  
And all the ills we feel—or bliss we share,  
Are tokens of a heav'nly Father's care.  
When man too long the paths of vice pursu'd,  
Thy hand prepar'd the universal flood;  
Gracious, to Noah gave the timely sign,  
To save a remnant from the wrath divine!  
One shining waste the globe terrestrial lay,  
And the ark heav'd along the troubled sea;

Thou



Thou bad'st the deep his antient bed explore,  
 The clouds their wat'ry deluge pour'd no more !  
 The skies were clear'd—the mountain tops were seen,  
 The dove pacific brought the olive-green.  
 On Ararat the happy Patriarch toft,  
 Found the recover'd world his hopes had loft ;  
 There his fond eyes review'd the pleasing scene,  
 The earth all verdant, and the air serene !  
 Its precious freight the guardian ark display'd,  
 While Noah grateful adoration paid !  
 Beholding in the many-tinctur'd bow,  
 The promise of a safer world below.  
 When wild ambition rear'd its impious head,  
 And rising Babel heav'n with pride survey'd ;  
 Thy word the mighty labour could confound,  
 And leave the mass to moulder with the ground.  
 From the mad toil, while social order sprung  
 A peopled world—distinct by many a tongue.  
 From Thee all human actions take their springs,  
 The rise of empires, and the fall of kings !  
 See the vast theatre of time display'd,  
 While o'er the scene succeeding heroes tread !  
 With pomp the shining images succeed,  
 What leaders triumph ! and what monarchs bleed !  
 Perform the parts thy Providence assign'd,  
 Their pride, their passions to thy ends inclin'd :

A while they glitter in the face of day,  
Then at thy nod the phantoms pass away;  
No traces left of all the busy scene,  
But that remembrance says,—The things have been!  
While learning through the gloom benighted strays,  
And the dim objects vanish as we gaze!  
“But (questions doubt) whence sickly nature feels  
“The ague-fits her face so oft reveals?  
“Whence earthquakes heave the earth’s astonish’d  
breast?  
“Whence tempests rage? or yellow plagues infect?  
“Whence draws rank Afric her empoison’d stores?  
“Or liquid fires explosive *Ætna* pours?”  
Go, sceptic mole! demand th’ eternal cause,  
The secret of his all-preserving laws?  
The depths of Wisdom infinite explore,  
And ask thy Maker—why thou know’st no more?  
Thy error still in mortal things as great,  
As vain to cavil at the ways of fate.  
To ask why prosp’rous vice so oft succeeds,  
Why suffers innocence, or virtue bleeds!  
Why monsters, nature must with blushes own,  
By crimes grow pow’rful, and disgrace a throne!  
Why saints and sages, mark’d in ev’ry age,  
Perish, the victims of tyrannic rage!  
Why Socrates for truth and freedom fell,  
While Nero reign’d the delegate of hell!

In vain by reason is the maze pursu'd,  
 Of ill triumphant, and afflicted good.  
 Fix'd to the hold, so might the sailor aim  
 To judge the pilot, and the steerage blame;  
 As we direct to God what should belong,  
 Or say that sov'reign Wisdom governs wrong.  
 Nor always vice does uncorrected go,  
 Nor virtue unrewarded pass below!  
 Oft sacred justice lifts her awful head,  
 And dooms the tyrant and th' usurper dead;  
 Oft Providence, more friendly than severe,  
 Arrests the hero in his wild career;  
 Directs the fever, poniard or the ball,  
 By which an Ammon, Charles, or Cæsar fall:  
 Or when the cursed Borgias \* brew the cup  
 For merit,—bids the monsters drink it up;  
 On violence oft retorts the cruel spear,  
 Or fetters cunning in its crafty snare:  
 Relieves the innocent, exalts the just,  
 And lays the proud oppressor in the dust!  
 But fast as time's swift pinions can convey,  
 Hastens the pomp of that tremendous day,  
 When to the view of all created eyes,  
 God's high tribunal shall majestic rise,

D 2

When

\* Pope Alexander VI. and his son, Cæsar Borgia. See Mr Gordon's history.

28 POEMS FOR YOUNG LADIES.

When the loud trumpet shall assemble round  
 The dead, reviving at the piercing sound !  
 Where men and angels shall to audit come,  
 And millions yet unborn receive their doom !  
 Then shall fair Providence, to all display'd,  
 Appear divinely bright without a shade ;  
 In light triumphant all her acts be shown,  
 And blushing doubt, eternal Wisdom own !  
 Mean while, thou great intelligence supreme,  
 Sov'reign director of this mighty frame,  
 Whose watchful hand, and all-observing ken,  
 Fashions the hearts, and views the ways of men,  
 Whether thy hand the plenteous table spread,  
 Or measure sparingly the daily bread ;  
 Whether or wealth or honours gild the scene,  
 Or wants deform, and wasting anguish stain ;  
 On thee let truth and virtue firm rely,  
 Bless'd in the care of thy approving eye !  
 Know that thy Providence, their constant friend,  
 Through life shall guard them, and in death attend ;  
 With everlasting arms their cause embrace,  
 And crown the paths of piety with peace.

GOODNESS.

Ye Seraphs, who God's throne incircling still  
 With holy zeal your golden censers fill ;

Ye

Ye flaming ministers, to distant lands  
Who bear, obsequious, his divine commands;  
Ye Cherubs who compose the sacred choir,  
Attuning to your voice the angelic lyre!  
Or ye, fair natives of the heav'nly plain,  
Who once were mortal—now a happier train!  
Who spend in peaceful love your joyful hours,  
In blisful meads and amaranthine bow'rs,  
Oh lend one spark of your celestial fire!  
Oh deign my glowing bosom to inspire!  
And aid the Muse's unexperinc'd wing,  
While Goodness, theme divine, she soars to sing!

Though all thy attributes divinely fair,  
Thy full perfection glorious God! declare;  
Yet if one beam's superior to the rest,  
Oh let thy Goodness fairest be confess'd:  
As shines the moon amidst her starry train,  
As breathes the rose amongst the flow'ry scene,  
As the mild dove her silver plumes displays,  
So sheds thy Mercy its distinguish'd rays.  
This led, Creator mild, thy gracious hand,  
When formless Chaos heard thy high command;  
When pleas'd, thine eye thy matchless works re-  
view'd,

And Goodness, placid, spoke that all was good!  
Nor only does in heaven thy Goodness shine,  
Delighted nature feels its warmth divine;

The



The vital sun's illuminating beam,  
The silver crescent, and the starry gleam;  
As day and night, alternate they command,  
Proclaim this truth to ev'ry distant land.  
See smiling nature, with thy treasures fair,  
Confess thy bounty and parental care;  
Renew'd by Thee, the faithful seasons rise,  
And earth with plenty all her sons supplies.  
The generous lion and the brindled boar,  
As nightly through the forest walks they roar,  
From thee, Almighty Maker, seek their prey,  
Nor from thy hand unfed depart away:  
To thee, for meat the callow ravens cry,  
Supported by thy all-preserving eye:  
From thee, the feather'd natives of the plain,  
Or those who range the field, or plough the main,  
Receive, with constant course, th' appointed food,  
And taste the cup of universal good;  
Thy hand thou open'st million'd myriads live;  
Thou frown'st, they faint;—thou smil'st, and they  
revive!  
On virtue's acre, as on rapine's stores,  
See heav'n impartial deal the fruitful show'rs!  
"Life's common blessings all her children share,"  
Tread the same earth, and breathe a gen'ral air!  
Without distinction, boundless blessings fall,  
And Goodness, like the sun, enlightens all!

Oh

Oh man, degenerate man! offend no more:  
Go, learn of brutes, thy Maker to adore!  
Shall these, through ev'ry tribe, his bounty own,  
Of all his works, ungrateful thou alone!  
Deaf when the tuneful voice of mercy cries,  
And blind when sov'reign Goodness charms the eyes!  
Mark, even the wretch his awful name blasphemes,  
His pity spares,—his clemency reclaims!  
Observe his patience with the guilty strive,  
And bid the criminal repent and live;  
Recal the fugitive with gracious eye,  
Beseech the obstinate, he would not die!  
Amazing tenderness—amazing most,  
The soul on whom such mercy should be lost!  
But would'st thou view the rays of Goodness join,  
In one strong point of radiance all divine!  
Behold, celestial Muse! yon eastern light;  
To Beth'lem's plain, adoring, bend thy sight!  
Hear the glad message to the shepherds giv'n,  
“ Good-will on earth to man, and peace in heav'n.”  
Attend the swains, pursue the starry road,  
And hail to earth the Saviour and the God!  
Redemption! oh thou beautiful mystic plan!  
Thou salutary source of life to man!  
What tongue can speak thy comprehensive grace!  
What thought thy depths unfathomable trace!  
When

When lost in sin our ruin'd nature lay,  
When awful justice claim'd her righteous pay !  
See the mild Saviour bend his pitying eye,  
And stop th' light'ning just prepar'd to fly !  
(O strange effect of unexampled love !)  
View him descend the heavenly throne above ;  
Patient, the ills of mortal life endure,  
Calm, though revil'd, and innocent, though poor !  
Uncertain his abode, and coarse his food,  
His life one fair continued scene of good :  
For us sustain the wrath to man decreed,  
The victim of eternal justice bleed !  
Look, to the cross the Lord of life is ty'd,  
They pierce his hands, and wound his sacred side !  
See, God expires ! our forfeit to atone,  
While nature trembles at his parting groan !  
Advance, thou hopeless mortal, steel'd in guilt,  
Behold, and if thou can'st, forbear to melt !  
Shall Jesus die thy freedom to regain,  
And wilt thou drag the voluntary chain ?  
Wilt thou refuse thy kind assent to give,  
When breathless he looks down to bid thee live !  
Perverse, wilt thou reject the proffer'd good,  
Bought with his life, and streaming in his blood ?  
Whose virtue can thy deepest crimes efface,  
Reheal thy nature, and confirm thy peace !

Can

Can all the errors of thy life atone,  
And raise thee from a rebel—to a son!  
O blest Redeemer, from thy sacred throne,  
Where saints and angels sing thy triumph's won!  
When, from the grave thou rais'd thy glorious head,  
(Chain'd to thy car the pow'rs infernal led)  
From that exalted height of bliss supreme,  
Look down on those who bear thy sacred name;  
Restore their ways, inspire them by thy grace,  
Thy laws to follow, and thy steps to trace;  
Thy bright example to thy doctrine join,  
And by their morals prove their faith divine!  
Nor only to thy church confine thy ray,  
O'er the glad world thy healing light display;  
Fair sun of righteousness! in beauty rise,  
And clear the mists that cloud the heathen skies!  
To Judah's remnant, now a scatter'd train,  
Thou great messiah! show thy promis'd reign;  
O'er earth as wide, thy saving warmth diffuse,  
As spreads the ambient air, or falling dews,  
And haste the time when, vanquish'd by thy pow'r,  
Death shall expire, and sin defile no more!

## GLORY.

But, oh advent'rous Muse, restrain thy flight,  
Dare not the blaze of uncreated light!

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Before

Before whose glorious throne with dread surprize;  
Th' adoring seraph veils his dazzled eyes;  
Whose pure effulgence, radiant to excess,  
No colours can describe, or words express!  
All the fair beauties, all the lucid stores,  
Which o'er thy works thy hand resplendent pours;  
Feeble, thy brighter glories to display,  
Pale as the moon before the solar ray!  
See on his throne the Hebrew monarch plac'd,  
In all the pomp of the luxuriant East!  
While mingling gems a borrow'd day unfold,  
And the rich purple waves, emboss'd with gold;  
Yet mark this scene of painted grandeur yield  
To the fair lilly that adorns the field!  
Obscur'd, behold that fainter lilly lies,  
By the rich bird's \* inimitable dyes;  
Yet these survey, confounded and outdone  
By the superior lustre of the sun;  
That sun himself withdraws his lessen'd beam  
From Thee, the glorious author of his frame!  
Transcendent pow'r! sole arbiter of fate!  
How great thy glory! and thy bliss how great!  
To view from thy exalted throne above,  
(Eternal source of light, and life, and love!)  
Unnumber'd creatures draw their smiling birth,  
To bless the heav'ns, or beautify the earth;

While

\* The Manucodota, or Bird of Paradise, seen in the Spice-Islands.



While systems roll, obedient to thy view,  
And worlds rejoice—which Newton never knew!  
Then raise the song, the gen'ral anthem raise,  
And swell the concert of eternal praise!  
Assist ye orbs that form this boundless whole,  
Which in the womb of space unnumber'd roll;  
Ye planets, who compose our lesser scheme,  
And bend, concertive, round the solar frame;  
Thou eye of nature; whose extensive ray,  
With endless charms adorns the face of day;  
Consenting raise th' harmonious joyful sound,  
And bear his praises through the vast profound:  
His praise, ye winds, that fan the chearful air,  
Swift as ye pass along your pinions bear!  
His praise let ocean through her realms display,  
Far as her circling billows can convey!  
His praise, ye misty vapours, wide diffuse,  
In rains descending, or in milder dews;  
His praises whisper, ye majestic trees,  
As your tops rustle to the vocal breeze!  
His praise around, ye flow'ry tribes exhale,  
Far as your sweets embalm the spicy gale!  
His praise ye dimpled streams, to earth reveal,  
As pleas'd ye murmur through the flow'ry vale.  
His praise ye feather'd choirs distinguish'd sing,  
As to your notes the tuneful forests ring!

His praise proclaim, ye monsters of the deep,  
Who in the vast abyss your revels keep !  
Or ye fair natives of our earthly scene,  
Who range the wilds, or haunt the pasture green !  
Nor thou, vain lord of earth, with careless ear,  
The universal hymn of worship hear !  
But ardent in the sacred chorus join,  
Thy soul transported with the task divine !  
While by his works th' Almighty is confess'd,  
Supremely glorious, and supremely blest !  
Great Lord of life ! from whom this humble frame  
Derives the pow'r to sing thy holy name,  
Forgive the lowly muse, whose artless lay  
Has dar'd thy sacred attributes survey !  
Delighted oft through nature's beauteous field,  
Has she ador'd thy Wisdom bright reveal'd ;  
Oft have her wishes aim'd the secret song,  
But awful rev'rence still with-held her tongue ;  
Yet as thy bounty lent the reas'ning beam,  
As feels my conscious breast thy vital flame,  
So, blest Creator, let thy servant pay  
His mite of gratitude this feeble way,  
Thy Goodness own, thy Providence adore,  
He yields thee only—what was thine before !

ADAM's

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### ADAM's MORNING HYMN.

**T**HESE are thy glorious works, parent of good,  
Almighty, thine this universal frame,  
Thus wondrous fair; thyself how wondrous then!  
Unspeakable, who sitt'st above these heav'ns,  
To us invisible, or dimly seen  
In these thy lowest works; yet these declare  
Thy goodness beyond thought, and pow'r divine.  
Speak ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,  
Angels; for ye behold him, and with songs  
And choral symphonies, day without night,  
Circle his throne rejoicing; ye in heav'n,  
On earth join all ye creatures to extol  
Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.  
Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,  
If better thou belong not to the dawn,  
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn  
With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere,  
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.  
Thou sun, of this great world both eye and soul,  
Acknowledge him thy greater: sound his praise  
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,  
And when high noon hast gain'd, and when thou fall'st.  
Moon, that now meet'st the orient sun, now fly'st  
With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb that flies;

And

38 POEMS FOR YOUNG LADIES.

And ye five other wand'ring fires that move  
 In mystic dance not without song, resound  
 His praise, who out of darkness call'd up light.  
 Air, and ye elements, the eldest birth  
 Of nature's womb, that in quaternion run  
 Perpetual circle, multiform; and mix,  
 And nourish all things; let your ceaseless change  
 Vary to our great Maker still new praise.  
 Ye mists and exhalations that now rise  
 From hill or steaming lake, dusky or gray,  
 Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,  
 In honour to the world's great Author rise,  
 Whether to deck with clouds th' uncolour'd sky,  
 Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,  
 Rising or falling still advance his praise.  
 His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,  
 Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines,  
 With every plant, in sign of worship wave.  
 Fountains, and ye, that warble, as ye flow,  
 Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.  
 Join voices all ye living souls; ye birds,  
 That singing up to heaven-gate ascend,  
 Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise.  
 Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk  
 The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep;  
 Witness if I be silent, morn or even,  
 To hill, or valley, fountain, or fresh shade,

Made

Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.  
Hail universal Lord, be bounteous still  
To give us only good; and if the night  
Have gathered ought of evil, or conceal'd,  
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.

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MESSIAH,

A SACRED ECLOGUE.

By MR POPE.

YE nymphs of Solyma! begin the song:  
To heav'nly themes sublimer strains belong.  
The mossy fountains, and the sylvan shades,  
The dreams of Pindus and th' Aonian maids,  
Delight no more——O thou my voice inspire  
Who touch'd Isaiah's hallow'd lips with fire!

Rapt into future times, the Bard begun:  
A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son!  
From Jesse's root behold a branch arise,  
Whose sacred flow'r with fragrance fills the skies:  
Th' æthereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move,  
And on its top descends the mystic dove.  
Ye heav'ns! from high the dewy nectar pour,  
And in soft silence shed the kindly show'r!

The



The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid,  
From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.  
All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail;  
Returning justice lift aloft her scale;  
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,  
And white rob'd innocence from heav'n descend.  
Swift fly the years, and rise th' expected morn!  
Oh spring to light, auspicious Babe, be born!  
See nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,  
With all the incense of the breathing spring:  
See lofty Lebanon his head advance,  
See nodding forests on the mountains dance:  
See spicy clouds from lowly Saron rise,  
And Carmel's flow'ry top perfumes the skies!  
Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers,  
Prepare the way! a God, a God appears:  
A God, a God! the vocal hills reply,  
The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.  
Lo, earth receives him from the bending skies!  
Sink down, ye mountains, and, ye vallies, rise;  
With heads declin'd, ye cedars, homage pay;  
Be smooth ye rocks; ye rapid floods, give way!  
The Saviour comes! by ancient bards foretold:  
Hear him, ye deaf, and all ye blind, behold!  
He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,  
And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day:

'Tis he th' abstracted paths of sound shall clear,  
And bid new music charm th' unfolding ear :  
The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,  
And leap exulting like the bounding roe.  
No sigh, no murmur the wide world shall hear,  
From ev'ry face he wipes off ev'ry tear.  
In adamant chains shall death be bound,  
And hell's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound.  
As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,  
Seeks freshest pasture, and the purest air,  
Explores the lost, the wand'ring sheep directs,  
By day o'ersees them, and by night protects,  
The tender lambs he raises in his arms,  
Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms ;  
Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage,  
The promis'd father of the future age.  
No more shall nation against nation rise,  
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,  
Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er,  
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more ;  
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,  
And the broad falchion in a plow-share end.  
Then palaces shall rise ; the joyful son  
Shall finish what his short-liv'd fire begun ;  
Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,  
And the same hand that sow'd, shall reap the field.

The swain in barren deserts with surprise  
Sees lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise;  
And starts amidst the thirsty wilds to hear  
New falls of water murm'ring in his ear.  
On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,  
The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.  
Waste sandy valleys, once perplex'd with thorn,  
The spiry fir and shapely box adorn:  
To leafless shrubs the flow'ry palms succeed,  
And od'rous myrtle to the noisome weed.  
The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,  
And boys in flow'ry bands the tiger lead;  
The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,  
And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.  
The smiling infant in his hand shall take  
The crested basilisk and speckled snake,  
Pleas'd the green lustre of the scales survey,  
And with their forked tongue shall innocently play.  
Rise crown'd with light, imperial Salem, rise!  
Exalt thy tow'ry head, and lift thy eyes!  
See a long race thy spacious courts adorn;  
See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,  
In crowding ranks on ev'ry side arise,  
Demanding life, impatient for the skies!  
See barb'rous nations at thy gates attend,  
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;

See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,  
And heap'd with products of Sabea springs!  
For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,  
And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.  
See heav'n its sparkling portals wide display,  
And break upon thee in a flood of day!  
No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,  
Nor ev'ning Cynthia fill her silver horn;  
But lost, dissolv'd in thy superior rays,  
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze  
O'erflow thy courts: the light himself shall shine  
Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine!  
The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,  
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;  
But fix'd his word, his saving pow'r remains;  
Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns!

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THE  
UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

By the Same.

FATHER of all! in ev'ry age,  
In ev'ry clime ador'd,  
By saint, by savage, and by sage,  
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou great first cause, least understood:

Who all my sense confin'd

To know but this, that thou art good,

And that myself am blind;

Yet gave me, in this dark estate,

To see the good from ill;

And binding nature fast in fate,

Left free the human will.

What conscience dictates to be done,

Or warns me not to do,

This, teach me more than hell to shun,

That, more than heav'n pursue.

What blessings thy free bounty gives,

Let me not cast away;

For God is paid when man receives,

T' enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span

Thy goodness let me bound,

Or think thee Lord alone of man,

When thousand worlds are round:

Let not this weak, unknowing hand

Presume thy bolts to throw,

And deal damnation round the land,

On each I judge thy foe.



If I am right, thy grace impart,  
Still in the right to stay :  
If I am wrong, oh teach my heart  
To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish pride,  
Or impious discontent,  
At aught thy wisdom has deny'd,  
Or aught thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,  
To hide the fault I see ;  
That mercy I to others show,  
That mercy show to me.

Mean though I am, not wholly so,  
Since quick'ned by thy breath ;  
O lead me wheresoe'er I go,  
Through this day's life or death.

This day, be bread and peace my lot :  
All else beneath the sun,  
Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not,  
And let thy will be done.

To thee, whose temple is all space,  
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies !  
One chorus let all being raise !  
All nature's incense rise !

NIGHT

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## NIGHT THOUGHTS,

BY DR. YOUNG.

### NIGHT FIRST.

TIR'D natures sweet restorer, balmy sleep!  
He, like the world, his ready visit pays  
Where fortune smiles; the wretched he forsakes:  
Swift on his downy pinions flies from woe,  
And lights on lids unfully'd with a tear.

From short (as usual) and disturb'd repose,  
I wake: how happy they, who wake no more!  
The day too short for my distress! and night,  
Ev'n in the zenith of her dark domain,  
Is sun-shine, to the colour of my fate.  
Night, fable goddess! from her ebon throne,  
In rayless majesty, now stretches forth  
Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumb'ring world.  
Silence; how dead! and darkness how profound!  
Nor eye, nor list'ning ear, an object finds;  
Creation sleeps. 'Tis, as the gen'ral pulse  
Of life stood still, and nature made a pause;  
An awful pause! prophetic of her end.  
And let her prophecy be soon fulfill'd;  
Fate! drop the curtain; I can lose no more.  
O Thou! whose word from solid darkness struck  
That spark the sun; strike wisdom from my soul;

My

My soul, which flies to thee, her trust, her treasure,  
As misers to their gold, while others rest.  
Through this opaque of nature, and of soul,  
This double night, transmit one pitying ray,  
To lighten, and to cheer. O light my mind,  
(A mind that fain would wander from its woe)  
Lead it through various scenes of life, and death,  
And from each scene the noblest truths inspire.  
Nor less inspire my conduct, than my song;  
Teach my best reason, reason; my best will  
Teach rectitude; and fix my firm resolve  
Wisdom to wed, and pay her long arrear:  
Nor let the phial of thy vengeance, pour'd  
On this devoted head, be pour'd in vain.  
The bell strikes one. We take no note of time,  
But from its loss. To give it then a tongue,  
Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,  
I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,  
It is the knell of my departed hours:  
Where are they? with the years beyond the flood.  
It is the signal that demands dispatch;  
How much is to be done? my hopes and fears  
Start up alarm'd, and o'er life's narrow verge  
Look down—on what? a fathomless abyss;  
A dread eternity! how surely mine!  
And can eternity belong to me,  
Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour?

How

How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,  
How complicate, how wonderful, is man!  
How passing wonder He, who made him such!  
Who centred in our make such strange extremes!  
From diff'rent natures marvelously mixt,  
Connexion exquisite of distant worlds!  
Distinguish'd link in Being's endless chain!  
Midway from nothing to the Deity!  
A beam ethereal fully'd, and absorpt;  
Though fully'd, and dishonour'd, still divine!  
Dim miniature of greatness absolute!  
An heir of glory! a frail child of dust!  
Helpless immortal! insect infinite!  
A worm! a god! I tremble at myself.  
Our waking dreams are fatal. How I dreamt  
Of joys perpetual in perpetual change!  
Of stable pleasures on the tossing wave!  
Eternal sunshine in the storms of life!  
How richly were my noon-tide trances hung  
With gorgeous tapestries of pictur'd joys!  
Joy behind joy, in endless perspective!  
Till at death's toll, whose restless iron tongue  
Calls daily for his millions at a meal,  
Starting I woke, and found myself undone.  
Where now my phrensy's pompous furniture?  
The cobweb'd cottage, with its ragged wall  
Of mould'ring mud, is royalty to me!

The

The spider's most attenuated thread  
Is cord, is cable, to man's tender tie  
On earthly bliss; it breaks at ev'ry breeze.  
O ye blest scenes of permanent delight!  
Full, above measure! lasting, beyond bound!  
A perpetuity of bliss, is bliss.  
Could you, so rich in rapture, fear an end,  
That ghastly thought would drink up all your joy,  
And quite unparadise the realms of light.  
Safe are you lodg'd above these rolling spheres;  
The baleful influence of whose giddy dance  
Sheds sad vicissitude on all beneath.  
Here teems with revolutions every hour,  
And rarely for the better; or the best,  
More mortal than the common births of fate.  
Each moment has its fickle, emulous  
Of time's enormous scythe, whose ample sweep  
Strikes empires from the root; each moment plays  
His little weapon in the narrower sphere  
Of sweet domestic comfort, and cuts down  
The fairest bloom of sublunary bliss.  
Bliss! sublunary bliss!—Proud words, and vain!  
Implicit treason to divine decree!  
A bold invasion of the rights of heav'n!  
I clasp'd the phantoms, and I found them air.  
Oh had I weigh'd it ere my fond embrace!  
What darts of agony had miss'd my heart!



Death ! great proprietor of all ! 'tis thine  
To tread out empire, and to quench the stars.  
The sun himself by thy permission shines ;  
And, one day, thou shalt pluck him from his sphere.  
Amid such mighty plunder, why exhaust  
Thy partial quiver on a mark so mean ?  
Why thy peculiar rancour wreck'd on me ?  
Insatiate archer ! could not one suffice ?  
Thy shaft flew thrice ; and thrice my peace was slain ;  
And thrice, ere thrice yon moon had fill'd her horn.  
O Cynthia ! why so pale ? dost thou lament  
Thy wretched neighbour ? grieve to see thy wheel  
Of ceaseless change outwhirl'd in human life ?  
How wanes my borrow'd bliss ! from fortune's smile,  
Precarious courtesy ! not virtue's sure,  
Self-given, solar, ray of sound delight.  
In ev'ry vary'd posture, place, and hour,  
How widow'd ev'ry thought of ev'ry joy !  
Thought, busy thought ! too busy for my peace !  
Through the dark postern of time long elaps'd,  
Led softly, by the stillness of the night,  
Led, like a murderer, (and such it proves !)  
Strays, (wretched rover !) o'er the pleasing past ;  
In quest of wretchedness perversely strays ;  
And finds all desert now ; and meets the ghosts  
Of my departed joys ; a num'rous train !  
I rue the riches of my former fate ;

Sweet

Sweet comfort's blasted clusters I lament;  
I tremble at the blessings once so dear;  
And ev'ry pleasure pains me to the heart.  
Yet why complain? or why complain for one?  
Hangs out the sun his lustre but for me,  
The single man? Are angels all beside?  
I mourn for millions: 'tis the common lot;  
In this shape, or in that, has fate entail'd  
The mother's throes on all of woman born,  
Not more the children, than sure heirs of pain.  
War, famine, pest, volcano, storm, and fire,  
Intestine broils, oppression, with her heart  
Wrapt up in triple bras, besiege mankind.  
God's image disinherited of day,  
Here, plung'd in mines, forgets a sun was made  
There, beings deathless as their haughty lord,  
Are hammer'd to the galling oar for life;  
And plow the winter's wave, and reap despair.  
Some, for hard masters, broken under arms,  
In battle lopt away, with half their limbs,  
Beg bitter bread through realms their valour sav'd,  
If so the tyrant, or his minion, doom.  
Want, and incurable disease, (fell pair!)  
On hopeless multitudes remorseless seize  
At once; and make a refuge of the grave.  
How groaning hospitals eject their dead!  
What numbers groan for sad admission there!

What numbers, once in fortune's lap high-fed,  
Solicit the cold hand of charity !  
To shock us more, solicit it in vain !  
Ye filken sons of pleasure ! since in pains  
You rue more modish visits, visit here,  
And breathe from your debauch : give, and reduce  
Surfeit's dominion o'er you : but, so great  
Your impudence, you blush at what is right !  
Happy ! did sorrow seize on such alone.  
Not prudence can defend, or virtue save ;  
Disease invades the chastest temperance ;  
And punishment the guiltless ; and alarm,  
Through thickest shades, pursues the sound of peace,  
Man's caution often into danger turns,  
And his guard falling, crushes him to death.  
Not happiness itself makes good her name ;  
Our very wishes give us not our wish,  
How distant oft the thing we doat on most,  
From that for which we doat, felicity ?  
The smoothest course of nature has its pains ;  
And truest friends, through error, wound our rest.  
Without misfortune, what calamities !  
And what hostilities, without a foe !  
Nor are foes wanting to the best on earth.  
But endless is the list of human ills,  
And sighs might sooner fail, than cause to sigh.  
A part how small of the terraqueous globe

Is tenanted by man! the rest a waste,  
Rocks, deserts, frozen seas, and burning sands:  
Wild haunts of monsters, poisons, stings, and death,  
Such is earth's melancholy map! but, far  
More sad! this earth is a true map of man.  
So bounded are its haughty lord's delights  
To woe's wide empire; where deep troubles toss,  
Loud sorrows howl, invenom'd passions bite,  
Rav'nous calamities our vitals seize,  
And threat'ning fate wide opens to devour.  
What then am I, who sorrow for myself?  
In age, in infancy, from others aid  
Is all our hope; to teach us to be kind.  
That, nature's first, last lesson to mankind;  
The selfish heart deserves the pain it feels.  
More gen'rous sorrow, while it sinks, exalts;  
And conscious virtue mitigates the pang.  
Nor virtue, more than prudence, bids me give  
Swoln thought a second channel; who divide,  
They weaken too, the torrent of their grief.  
Take then, O world! thy much indebted tear.  
How sad a sight is human happiness,  
To those whose thought can pierce beyond an hour!  
O thou! whate'er thou art! whose heart exults!  
Wouldst thou I should congratulate thy fate?  
I know thou wouldst; thy pride demands it from me.  
Let thy pride pardon, what thy nature needs,

The

54 POEMS FOR YOUNG LADIES.

The salutary censure of a friend.  
 Thou happy wretch ! by blindness art thou blest ;  
 By dotage dandled to perpetual smiles.  
 Know, smiler ! at thy peril art thou pleas'd ;  
 Thy pleasure is the promise of thy pain.  
 Misfortune, like a creditor severe,  
 But rises in demand for her delay ;  
 She makes a scourge of past prosperity,  
 To sting thee more, and double thy distress.  
 The sprightly lark's shrill matin wakes the morn.  
 Grief's sharpest thorn hard-pressing on my breast,  
 I strive, with wakeful melody to cheer  
 The sullen gloom, sweet Philomel ! like thee,  
 And call the stars to listen : every star  
 Is deaf to mine, enamour'd of thy lay.  
 Yet be not vain ; there are, who thine excel,  
 And charm through distant ages : wrapt in shade,  
 Pris'ner of darkness ! to the silent hours,  
 How often I repeat their rage divine,  
 To lull my griefs, and steal my heart from woe !  
 I roll their raptures, but not catch their flames.



THE THIRD NIGHT.

NARCISSA.

FROM dreams, where thought in fancy's maze  
runs mad,

To reason, that heav'n-lighted lamp in man,  
Once more I wake; and at the destin'd hour,  
Punctual as lovers to the moment sworn,  
I keep my assignation with my woe.

O lost to virtue, lost to manly thought,  
Lost to the noble fallies of the soul!  
Who think it solitude, to be alone.  
Communion sweet! communion large, and high!  
Our reason, guardian angel, and our God!  
Then nearest these, when others most remote;  
And all, ere long, shall be remote, but these,  
How dreadful, then, to meet them all alone,  
A stranger! unacknowledg'd! unapprov'd!  
Now won them; wed them; bind them to thy breast;  
To win thy wish, creation has no more.  
Or if we wish a fourth, it is a friend——  
But friends, how mortal! dang'rous the desire.  
Take Phæbus to yourselves, ye basking bards!  
Inebriate at fair fortune's fountain head;  
And reeling through the wilderness of joy;

Where

56 POEMS FOR YOUNG LADIES.

Where sense runs savage, broke from reason's chain,  
 And sings false peace, till smother'd by the pall.  
 My fortune is unlike; unlike my song;  
 Unlike the deity my song invokes.  
 I to day's soft-ey'd sister pay my court,  
 (Endymion's rival!) and her aid implore;  
 Now first implor'd in succour to the muse.  
 And kind thou wilt be; kind on such a theme;  
 A theme so like thee, a quite lunar theme,  
 Soft, modest, melancholy, female, fair!  
 A theme that rose all pale, and told my soul,  
 'Twas night; on her fond hopes perpetual night;  
 A night which struck a damp, a deadlier damp,  
 Than that which smote me from Philander's tomb.  
 Narcissa follows, ere his tomb is clos'd.  
 Woes cluster; rare are solitary woes;  
 They love a train; they tread each other's heel;  
 Her death invades his mournful right, and claims  
 The grief that started from my lids for him:  
 Seizes the faithless, alienated tear,  
 Or shares it, ere it falls. So frequent death,  
 Sorrow, he *more* than causes, he confounds;  
 For human sighs his rival strokes contend,  
 And make distress, distraction. O Philander!  
 What was thy fate? A double fate to me;  
 Portent, and pain! a menace, and a blow!  
 Like the black raven hov'ring o'er my peace,

Not

Not less a bird of omen, than of prey.  
It call'd Narcissa long before her hour;  
It call'd her tender soul, by break of bliss,  
From the first blossom, from the buds of joy;  
Those few our noxious fate unblasted leaves,  
In this inclement clime of human life.

Sweet harmonist! and beautiful as sweet!  
And young as beautiful! and soft as young!  
And gay as soft! and innocent as gay!  
And happy (if aught happy here) as good!  
For fortune fond had built her nest on high.  
Like birds quite exquisite of note and plume,  
Transfix'd by fate (who loves a lofty mark),  
How from the summit of the grove she fell,  
And left it unharmonious! All its charm  
Extinguish'd in the wonders of her song!  
Her song still vibrates in my ravish'd ear,  
Still melting there, and with voluptuous pain  
(O to forget her!) thrilling through my heart!  
Song, beauty, youth, love, virtue, joy! this group  
Of bright ideas, flow'rs of paradise,  
As yet unforfeit! in one blaze we bind,  
Kneel, and present it to the skies; as all  
We guess of heav'n: and these were all her own,  
And she was mine; and I was—was most blest—  
Gay title of the deepest misery!  
As bodies grow more pond'rous, robb'd of life;

Good lost weighs more in grief, than gain'd, in joy.  
Like blossom'd trees, o'erturn'd by vernal storm,  
Lovely in death the beauteous ruin lay;  
And if in death still lovely, lovelier there;  
Far lovelier! pity swells the tide of love.  
And will not the severe excuse a sigh?  
Scorn the proud man that is ashamed to weep;  
Our tears indulg'd indeed deserve our shame.  
Ye that e'er lost an angel! pity me.

Soon as the lustre languisht in her eye,  
Dawning a dimmer day on human sight;  
And on her cheek, the residence of spring,  
Pale omen sat; and scatter'd fears around  
On all that saw (and who would cease to gaze,  
That once had seen?) with haste, parental haste,  
I flew, I snatch'd her from the rigid north,  
Her native bed, on which bleak Boreas blew,  
And bore her nearer to the sun; the sun  
(As if the sun could envy) checkt his beam,  
Deny'd his wonted succour; nor with more  
Regret beheld her drooping, than the bells  
Of lilies, fairest lilies, not so fair.  
Queen lilies! and ye painted populace!  
Who dwell in fields, and lead ambrosial lives;  
In morn and ev'ning dew your beauties bathe,  
And drink the sun; which gives your cheeks to glow,  
And out blush (mine excepted) ev'ry fair;

You

You gladlier grew, ambitious of her hand,  
Which often cropt your odours, incense meet  
To thought so pure! her flow'ry state of mind  
In joy unfall'n. Ye lovely fugitives!

Coeval race with man! for man you smile;  
Why not smile at him too! you share indeed  
His sudden pass; but not his constant pain.

So man is made, nought ministers delight,  
But what his glowing passions can engage;  
And glowing passions, bent on aught below,  
Must, soon or late, with anguish turn the scale;  
And anguish, after rapture, how severe!  
Rapture? bold man! who tempts the wrath divine,  
By plucking fruit deny'd to mortal taste,  
Whilst here, presuming on the rights of heav'n.  
For transport dost thou call on ev'ry hour,  
Lorenzo? at thy friend's expence be wise;  
Lean not on earth; 'twill pierce thee to the heart;  
A broken reed, at best; but, oft, a spear;  
On its sharp point peace bleeds, and hope expires.  
Turn, hopeless thought! turn from her: thought re-  
Senting rallies, and wakes ev'ry woe. [pell'd.  
Snatch'd ere thy prime! and in thy bridal hour!  
And when kind fortune, with thy lover, smil'd!  
And when high-flavour'd thy fresh-op'ning joys!  
And when blind man pronounc'd thy bliss complete!  
And on a foreign shore; where strangers wept!



Strangers to thee; and, more surprising still,  
 Strangers to kindness, wept: their eyes let fall  
 Inhuman tears; strange tears! that trickled down  
 From marble hearts! obdurate tenderness!  
 A tenderness that call'd them more severe;  
 In spite of nature's soft persuasion, steel'd;  
 While nature melted, superstition rav'd;  
 That mourn'd the dead; and this deny'd a grave.

Their sighs incense; sighs foreign to the will!  
 Their will the Tyger suck'd, outrag'd the storm.  
 For oh! the curst ungodliness of zeal!  
 While sinful flesh relented, spirit nurs'd  
 In blind infallibility's embrace,  
 The fainted spirit petrify'd the breast;  
 Deny'd the charity of dust, to spread  
 O'er dust! a charity their dogs enjoy.  
 What could I do? what succour? what resource?  
 With pious sacrilege a grave I stole;  
 With impious piety that grave I wrong'd;  
 Short in my duty; coward in my grief!  
 More like her murderer, than friend, I crept,  
 With soft-suspended step; and muffled deep  
 In midnight darkness, whisper'd my last sigh.  
 I whisper'd what should echo through their realms:  
 Nor writ her name, whose tomb should pierce the skies.  
 Presumptuous fear! how durst I dread her foes,  
 While nature's loudest dictates I obey'd?

Pardon

Pardon necessity, blest shade! Of grief  
 And indignation rival bursts I pour'd;  
 Half-execration mingled with my pray'r;  
 Kindled at man, while I his God ador'd;  
 Sore-grudg'd the savage land her sacred dust;  
 Stamp'd the curst soil; and with humanity  
 (Deny'd Narcissa) wish'd them all a grave.

Glows my resentment into guilt? what guilt  
 Can equal violations of the dead?  
 The dead how sacred! sacred is the dust  
 Of this heav'n-labour'd form, erect, divine!  
 This heav'n-assum'd majestic robe of earth,  
 He deign'd to wear, who hung the vast expanse  
 With azure bright, and cloath'd the sun in gold.  
 When every passion sleeps that can offend;  
 When strikes us ev'ry motive that can melt;  
 When man can wreak his rancour uncontroul'd,  
 That strongest curb on insult and ill-will;  
 Then, spleen to dust? the dust of innocence?  
 An angel's dust!—this Lucifer transcends;  
 When he contended for the patriarch's bones,  
 'Twas not the strife of malice, but of pride;  
 The strife of pontiff pride, not pontiff gall,  
 Far less than this is shocking in a race  
 Most wretched, but from streams of mutual love;  
 And uncreated, but for love divine;  
 And, for love divine, this moment, lost,

By

By fate reſorb'd, and ſunk in endleſs night.  
 Man hard of heart to man! of horrid things  
 Moſt horrid! 'mid ſtupendous, highly ſtrange!  
 Yet oft his courteſies are ſmoother wrongs;  
 Pride brandiſhes the favours he confers,  
 And contumelious his humanity:  
 What then his vengeance? hear it not, ye ſtars!  
 And thou, pale moon! turn paler at the ſound;  
 Man is to man the foreſt, ſureſt, ill.  
 A previous blaſt foretels the riſing ſtorm;  
 O'erwhelming turrets threaten ere they fall;  
 Volcanoes bellow ere they diſembogue;  
 Earth trembles ere her yawning jaws devour;  
 And ſmoke betrays the wide-conſuming fire;  
 Ruin from man is moſt conceal'd when near,  
 And ſends the dreadful tidings in the blow.  
 Is this the flight of fancy; would it were!  
 Heav'n's Sov'reign ſaves all beings but himſelf,  
 That hideous ſight, a naked human heart.

Fir'd is the muſe? and let the muſe be fir'd:  
 Who not inflam'd, when what he ſpeaks, he feels,  
 And in the nerve moſt tender, in his friends?  
 Shame to mankind! Philander had his foes;  
 He felt the truths I ſing, and I in him.  
 But he, nor I, feel more: paſt ills, Narciſſa!  
 Are ſunk in thee, thou recent wound of heart!  
 Which bleeds with other cares, with other pangs;

Pangs

Pangs num'rous, as the num'rous ills that swarm'd  
 O'er thy distinguish'd fate, and, clust'ring there  
 Thick as the locust on the land of Nile,  
 Made death more deadly, and more dark the grave.  
 Reflect (if not forgot my touching tale)  
 How was each circumstance with aspics arm'd?  
 An aspic, each; and all, an hydra woe.  
 What strong Herculean virtue could suffice?—  
 Or is it virtue to be conquer'd here?  
 This hoary cheek a train of tears bedews;  
 And each tear mourns its own distinct distress;  
 And each distress, distinctly mourn'd, demands  
 Of grief still more, as heighten'd by the whole.  
 A grief like this proprietors excludes:  
 Not friends alone such obsequies deplore;  
 They make mankind the mourner; carry sighs  
 Far as the fatal fame can wing her way;  
 And turn the gayest thought of gayest age,  
 Down their right channel, through the vale of death.  
 The vale of death! that husht Cimmerian vale,  
 Where darkness, brooding o'er unfinish'd fates,  
 With raven wing incumbent, waits the day  
 (Dread day!) that interdicts all future change!  
 That subterranean world, that land of ruin!  
 Fit walk, Lorenzo, for proud human thought!  
 There let my thought expatiate; and explore  
 Balsamic truths, and healing sentiments,

Of

64 POEMS FOR YOUNG LADIES.

Of all most wanted, and most welcome, here,  
 For gay Lorenzo's sake, and for thy own,  
 My soul! "The fruits of dying friends survey;  
 "Expose the vain of life; weigh life and death;  
 "Give death his eulogy; thy fear subdu'd;  
 "And labour that first palm of noble minds,  
 "A manly scorn of terror from the tomb."

This harvest reap from thy Narcissa's grave.  
 As poets feign'd, from Ajax' streaming blood  
 Arose, with grief inscrib'd, a mournful flow'r;  
 Let wisdom blossom from my mortal wound.  
 And first, of dying friends; what fruit from these?  
 It brings us more than triple aid; an aid  
 To chase our thoughtlessness, fear, pride, and guilt.  
 Our dying friends come o'er us like a cloud,  
 To damp our brainless ardours; and abate  
 That glare of life, which often blinds the wise.  
 Our dying friends are pioneers, to smooth  
 Our rugged pass to death; to break those bars  
 Of terror, and abhorrence, nature throws  
 Cross our obstructed way; and, thus, to make  
 Welcome, as safe, our port from ev'ry storm.  
 Each friend by fate snatch'd from us, is a plume  
 Pluck'd from the wing of human vanity,  
 Which makes us sloop from our æreal heights,  
 And, dampt with omen of our own decease,  
 On drooping pinions of ambition lower'd,

Just



Just skim earth's surface, ere we break it up,  
 O'er putrid pride to scratch a little dust,  
 And save the world a nuisance. Smitten friends  
 Are angels sent on errands full of love;  
 For us they languish, and for us they die:  
 And shall they languish, shall they die, in vain?  
 Ungrateful, shall we grieve their hov'ring shades,  
 Which wait the revolution in our hearts?  
 Shall we disdain their silent, soft address;  
 Their posthumous advice, and pious prayer?  
 Senseless, as herds that graze their hallow'd graves.  
 Tread under-foot their agonies and groans;  
 Frustrate their anguish, and destroy their deaths?

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## HYMNS

BY MR ADDISON.

PROVIDENCE.

**T**HE Lord my pasture shall prepare,  
 And feed me with a shepherd's care;  
 His presence shall my wants supply,  
 And guard me with a watchful eye;  
 My noon-day walks he shall attend,  
 And all my midnight hours defend.

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I

When

66 POEMS FOR YOUNG LADIES.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,  
Or on the thirsty mountain pant;  
To fertile vales and dewy meads  
My weary wand'ring steps he leads;  
Where peaceful rivers, soft and flow,  
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Though in the paths of death I tread,  
With gloomy horrors overspread,  
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,  
For thou, O Lord, art with me still;  
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,  
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Though in a bare and rugged way,  
Through devious lonely wilds I stray,  
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile:  
The barren wilderness shall smile,  
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,  
And streams shall murmur all around.

GRATITUDE.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,  
My rising soul surveys;  
Transported with the view, I'm lost  
In wonder, love, and praise:

O how

O how shall words with equal warmth  
The gratitude declare,  
That glows within my ravish'd heart?  
But thou canst read it there.

Thy Providence my life sustain'd,  
And all my wants redrest,  
When in the silent womb I lay,  
And hung upon the breast,

To all my weak complaints and cries,  
Thy mercy lent an ear,  
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt  
To form themselves in pray'r.

Unnumber'd comforts to my soul  
Thy tender care bestow'd,  
Before my infant heart conceiv'd  
From whom those comforts flow'd.

When in the flipp'ry paths of youth  
With heedless steps I ran,  
Thine arm unseen convey'd me safe,  
And led me up to man.

Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,  
It gently clear'd my way,  
And through the pleasing snares of vice,  
More to be fear'd than they.

68 POEMS FOR YOUNG LADIES.

When worn with sickness, oft hast thou  
With health renew'd my face,  
And when in sins and sorrows sunk,  
Reviv'd my soul with grace.

Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss  
Has made my cup run o'er,  
And in a kind and faithful friend  
Has doubled all my store.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts  
My daily thanks employ,  
Nor is the least a chearful heart,  
That tastes those gifts with joy.

Through every period of my life  
Thy goodness I'll pursue;  
And after death in distant worlds  
The glorious theme renew.

When nature fails, and day and night  
Divide thy works no more,  
My ever-grateful heart, O Lord,  
Thy mercy shall adore.

Through all eternity to thee  
A joyful song I'll raise,  
For oh! eternity's too short  
To utter all thy praise.

## CREATION.

THE spacious firmament on high,  
With all the blue ethereal sky,  
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,  
Their great original proclaim;  
Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,  
Does his creator's pow'r display,  
And publishes to every land  
The work of an almighty hand.

Soon as th' ev'ning shades prevail,  
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,  
And nightly to the list'ning earth  
Repeats the story of her birth:  
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,  
And all the planets in their turn,  
Confirm the tidings as they roll,  
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What thou, in solemn silence, all  
Move round the dark terrestrial ball?  
What though nor real voice nor sound  
Amid their radiant orbs be found?  
In reason's ear they all rejoice,  
And utter forth a glorious voice,  
For ever singing, as they shine,  
"The hand that made us is divine."

The



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## THE DAY OF JUDGMENT,

BY MR OGILVIE.

FROM THE FIRST BOOK.

COME, heav'nly muse, my raptur'd soul inspire,  
Touch with one beam of thy celestial fire,  
A soul, that rising with sublime delight  
Leaves worlds behind in its aerial flight;  
Mounts o'er the skies, unusual heights to soar,  
Where YOUNG and Angels only flew before.  
I leave unheeded ev'ry mortal care,  
The victor's pomp, and all the scenes of war:  
A nobler aim invites my song to rise:  
No praise I sing, but his who form'd the skies:  
No scenes, but nature's burning vaults display'd;  
No pow'r, but that which wakes the sleeping dead,  
My theme how vast! the sun's extinguish'd rays;  
Ten thousand stars in one devouring blaze;  
That doom, the guilty wretch must dread to hear;  
The last loud trump that stops the rolling sphere;  
The crouds that burst from earth's dissolving frame;  
All heaven descending, and a world on flame.  
O Thou, whose hands the bolted thunder form,  
Whose wings the whirlwind, and whose breath the  
storm:

Tremendous

Tremendous God! this wond'ring bosom raise,  
And warm each thought that would attempt thy  
praise.

O! while I mount along th' etherial way,  
To softer regions, and unclouded day,  
Pass the long tracks where darting lightnings glow,  
Or trembling view the boiling deeps below;  
Lead through the dubious maze, direct the whole,  
Lend heav'nly aid to my transported soul,  
Teach ev'ry nobler power to guide my tongue,  
And touch the heart, while thou inspir'st the song.  
'Twas at the hour, when midnight ghosts assume  
Some frightful shape, and sweep along the gloom;  
When the pale spectre bursts upon the view;  
When fancy paints the fading taper blue;  
When smiling virtue rests, nor dreads a foe;  
And slumber shuts the weeping eyes of woe:  
'Twas then, amid the silence of the night,  
A graceful seraph stood before my sight,  
And blaz'd meridian day—the rocking ground  
Flam'd as he mov'd and totter'd as he frown'd.  
As some vast meteor, whose expanded glare  
Shoots a long stream that brightens all the air,  
So flam'd his burning eyes:—earth heard and shook,  
When from his lips these dreadful accents broke:  
“Now is that hour, when at th' Almighty's call,  
Surrounding flames shall melt the yielding ball;  
When

When worlds must blaze amid the general fire,  
And suns and stars with all their hosts expire.  
The long-delay'd, th' important day is come,  
(All nature quake with terror at the doom.)  
For which creation rose supremely fair,  
Each world was launch'd, and hung upon the air,  
O'er system system roll'd, a shining throng,  
And mov'd in silent harmony along.  
That hour is come, when God himself shall rise,  
Sublime in wrath, and rend the burning skies;  
Arrest the boundless planets, as they roll,  
And burst the labouring earth from pole to pole;  
Bid hell's remote dominions hear and shake,  
While nature sinks, and all the dead awake."  
Warm'd as he spoke, I felt th' enliv'ning ray;  
Then loos'd from earth, triumphing soar'd away:  
We mount at once, and, lighter than the wind,  
Left, as we flew the distant clouds behind.  
Then far remov'd behold th' abodes below,  
And wait in deep suspense the impending blow.  
Now o'er the brightning east Aurora spread,  
And ting'd the blushing cloud with morning red;  
The hill's proud summit caught the waving gleam:  
The pale ray trembled on the quiv'ring stream;  
Then opening gradual from the shades of night,  
The cloud-topt forest shone with dawning light;

Serene

Serene the beauteous landscape rose to view,  
 The mead's green mantle wet with spangling dew,  
 The gay-rob'd flow'rs that glow'd with heighten'd  
 bloom,

And bow'ring dales, and groves that breath'd per-  
 So when the tempest's sweepy blast is o'er, [fume.  
 Nor bursts the rushing wind, nor prattling show'r:  
 No hov'ring mist obscures th' emerging day,  
 Wide o'er the prospect pours the streamy ray;  
 A fresher cloud the dewy fields exhale,  
 With richer fragrance blows the balmy gale,  
 The echoing hills with louder notes rebound,  
 And all th' illumin'd landscape rings around,  
 Charm'd and surpris'd we saw the fair abode,  
 The plains with beauty's flow'ry offspring strew'd,  
 Beheld the city's distant spires arise,  
 Or tow'r's dim top that touch'd the bending skies;  
 Or view'd the wild, with trackless paths o'ercast,  
 Where roams the lion through the naked waste;  
 Or pensive, ey'd the solitary pile  
 Where flits the night-bird thro' the glimm'ring isle:  
 Struck deep with woe, we mark'd the domes o'er-  
 thrown,

Where once the beauty bloom'd, the warrior shone:  
 We saw Palmyra's mould'ring tow'rs decay'd,  
 The loose wall tott'ring o'er the trembling shade!

Or fall'n Persepolis that desert lay !  
Or Balbec's fanes that catch'd the quiv'ring ray !  
Vain pomp of pow'r !—now in the throne of kings  
Shrieks the 'lone owl, the raven shakes her wings.  
Then o'er the boundless deeps our eyes were roll'd,  
The waves all brightning flam'd with beamy gold.  
Here mov'd in gradual rows the billows heave,  
There on the rough rock foams the madning wave,  
Or dash the torrents down the cliff's steep side,  
Or through the cavern sweeps the rushing tide ;  
We mark'd the river's long majestic train,  
And streams that murmur'd o'er the flow'ry plain,  
The lake whose waves with lucid radiance glow,  
Not finer tints impress the show'ry bow,  
The fountain bubbling through the moss-clad hill,  
And wand'ring wild the sweetly-tinkling rill.  
Then o'er the champaign's broider'd lawns we stray,  
Where gaily warbling thrill'd the woodland lay,  
Survey'd with rapture all th' inviting scene,  
The vary'd landscape, and the vivid green ;  
A charming train of all the muses themes,  
Gay meads, and pointed rocks, and purling streams ;  
Hills, vales, and woods in sweet disorder spread,  
And blooming fields in all their pomp display'd,  
Still at each look, (amid the countless store)  
We mark'd some feature unobserv'd before ;



As in the cheek with opening roses warm,  
Each piercing glance improves the growing charm.  
Then sighing deep distracted at the view,  
“ Adieu, I cry’d, ye blissful scenes adieu :  
“ That sun must cease to gild the flow’ry plain :  
“ The moon be lost with all the starry train :  
“ Plung’d in one fire, each mighty frame consume,  
“ ’Tis God, th’ eternal God has seal’d their doom.”  
Lo ! at the word (each transient ray withdrawn)  
A low’ring cloud at once o’ercast the dawn :  
From its dark breast, with swelling tempests stor’d ;  
Pale lightning flash’d, and dreadful thunder roar’d.  
Earth’s glowing bosom felt a sudden wound,  
And strong convulsions rent the opening ground ;  
The rapid whirlwind with impetuous sweep  
Bursts from its vaults, and rais’d the labouring deep ;  
Rocks, cities, streams at once its wond’rous prey,  
It swept the woods, and bore the hills away.  
But now, with terror rising on the sight,  
A burning comet flash’d unusual light.  
Quick as the wind, the wing’d destruction came  
O’er all the void, and drew a length of flame ;  
Shap’d through the parting clouds its dreadful way,  
And pour’d on earth intolerable day.  
At once the cave its inmost void displays ;  
The waving forests catch the spreading blaze ;

The earth no more its central fire contains,  
It rag'd and swell'd resistless o'er the plains.  
Now in a broader range the deluge raves,  
And rolls triumphant through the boiling waves;  
O'er all the hills the rising flames aspire,  
The mountains blaze, a mighty ridge of fire!  
Where stood the snow-crown'd Alps, (an awful name!)  
Now roll'd the doubling smoke, and spiry flame;  
While o'er the Andes in a whirlwind driv'n  
Burst the blue gleam, and darkness wrapt the heav'n.  
Ev'n *Ætna* rocks with a reluctant groan,  
Sunk in a flame more dreadful than its own:  
A fiery stream the deep *Volcano* pours,  
And from its mouth incessant thunder roars.  
Each humbler vale partakes the gen'ral doom,  
The smiling meads resign their lovely bloom;  
Not Asia's fields th' impetuous flood retain,  
It bounds with fury o'er the wide champaign,  
Whate'er to view revolving seasons bring,  
Each opening flow'r, the painted child of spring,  
Bleak winter's snow, with summer's rosy pride,  
And autumn's ripening stores, augment the tide:  
On its broad wave it bears the shining spoil,  
Hills burst, rocks melt, woods blaze, and oceans boil.  
Such, man, thy life, when death's relentless rage  
Crops thy gay bloom, or chills thy with'ring age;

In vain thy wish would stop th' invader's pow'r,  
Who spares the leaf to revel on the flow'r.  
O! how transported with a fleeting dream  
We fondly launch, and glide along the stream!  
Nor think of tempests, mis'ry, pain, or death,  
The storms above us, and the wrecks beneath!  
When lo! at once a cloudy scene succeeds,  
It low'rs, frowns, blackens, bellows o'er our heads;  
Bounds o'er the seas, and with destructive sweep,  
Flings wave on wave, and whelms us in the deep.  
Where now the nation, whose controlling law,  
Rul'd ev'ry state, and held a world in awe?  
Say where, Britannia, thy remoter plain?  
Thy fields enrich'd with plenty's welcome train?  
Thy fleets, to found their dreadful fame afar,  
And rule the deep, the thunderbolts of war?  
Still in my thought thy happier days detain'd,  
When George, when Anna, when Eliza reign'd;  
I see, I hear the battle's wild alarms,  
See trembling foes, and thy triumphant arms!  
I see sublime the floating navy rise,  
The pompous streamers waving as she flies!  
I see the shudd'ring hosts that round her fall,  
The haughty Spaniard here, and there the Gaul.  
I see great Bourbon fainting and dismay'd,  
And view the laurel blasted on his head.

O! while my country's glory fires my lays,  
How my fond heart runs lavish in her praise!  
But see, 'tis fled!—I urge, implore its stay,  
In vain: the charming vision dies away;  
The plains where once her shouting armies stood,  
The stream's broad wave that blush'd with hostile  
Roll'd in the mass of fire neglected lay, [blood,  
And join'd th' involving cloud that hid the day.  
See earth's pale sons! a mighty throng appear!  
How wild their looks with agonizing fear!  
Swift, as the hart, from her pursuing train,  
Climbs the steep rock, and flies along the plain:  
'Tis thus, the tempests dreadful rage to shun,  
They sweep the field, and shiver as they run.  
Here yawning gulphs their dreadful wrecks disclose,  
There nature labours with convulsive throws:  
Here the flame bursts, and blazes to the skies,  
There flash the pointed lightnings on their eyes.  
Amaz'd, aghast the trembling throng retire,  
Eye the bright gleam, and mark the speeding fire;  
Hung on the steepy cliff, all wild with dread,  
Heav'n's awful thunder rattles o'er their head!  
The skies above with doubling roars rebound,  
Below strong earthquakes rend the tott'ring ground,  
'Tis noise around, 'tis chaos all beneath;  
One scene of horror, tumult, rage and death,

Bursts

Bursts on their sight ! the fatal word is past,  
And panting nature groans, and breathes her last.  
So, when tempestuous at th' Eternal's word  
The teeming skies a wat'ry deluge pour'd ;  
The vast abyss its mighty deep display'd,  
And the flood rose o'er Atlas tow'ring head ;  
Some nation fell, in each augmented wave  
Dissolv'd, and earth was one prodigious grave.  
Mark where yon mines their radiant stores unfold,  
Peru's rich dust, or Chili's beds of gold !  
Insidious bane ! that makes destruction smooth,  
Thou foe to virtue, liberty, and truth !  
Whose arts the fate of monarchies decide,  
Who gild'st deceit, the darling child of pride !  
How oft, allur'd by thy persuasive charms,  
Have earth's contending powers appear'd in arms !  
What nations brib'd have own'd thy pow'rful reign !  
For thee what millions plow'd the stormy main !  
Travel'd from pole to pole with ceaseless toil,  
And felt their blood, alternate, freeze and boil.  
But now the mantling flames in concourse join,  
And deep descending seize the burning mine ?  
Its richest treasures aid the mounting blaze,  
'Twas all confusion, tumult, and amaze.  
When lo ! a cloud just opening on the view  
Illum'd with dazzling light th' ethereal blue !

On



On its broad breast a mighty angel came,  
 His eyes were lightning, and his robe of flame :  
 O'er all his form the circling glories run,  
 And his face lighten'd as the blazing sun ;  
 His limbs with heav'n's aerial vesture glow,  
 And o'er his head was hung the sweepy bow.  
 As shines the brightning steel's refulgent gleam,  
 When the smooth blade reflects the spangling beam,  
 Its light with quicken'd glance the eye surveys,  
 Green, gold, and vermeil, trembling as it plays ;  
 So flam'd his wings along th' ethereal road,  
 And earth's long shores resounded as he trod.  
 Sublime he tower'd ! keen terror arm'd his eyes,  
 And grasp'd the redning bolt that rends the skies ;  
 One foot stood firmly on th' extended plain  
 Secure, and one repell'd the bounding main ;  
 He shook his arm ;—the lightning burst away,  
 Through heav'n's dark concave gleam'd the paly ray,  
 Roar'd the loud bolt tremendous thro' the gloom,  
 And peals on peals prepare th' impending doom.  
 Then to his lips a mighty trump apply'd,  
 (The flames wereceas'd, the mutt'ring thundersdy'd)  
 While all th' involving firmaments rebound  
 He rais'd his voice, and labour'd in the sound :  
 These dreadful words he spoke—  
 “ Be dark, thou sun, in one eternal night !  
 And cease, thou moon, to rule with paler light !

Ye planets, drop from these dissolving skies !  
Rend, all ye tombs ; and, all ye dead, arise !  
Ye winds, be still ; ye tempests, rave no more !  
And roll, thou deep, thy millions to the shore !  
Earth, be dissolv'd, with all these worlds on high !  
And time, be lost in vast eternity !  
Now, by Creation's dread tremendous fire,  
Who sweeps these stars as atoms, in his ire ;  
By heav'n's omnipotent, unconquer'd king ;  
By him who rides the rapid whirlwind's wing ;  
Who reigns supreme in his august abode,  
Forms, or confounds with one commanding nod ;  
Who wraps in blackning clouds his awful brow,  
Whose glance like lightning looks all nature thro' :  
By him I swear !" (he paus'd, and bow'd his head,  
Then rais'd aloft his flaming hand, and said)  
" Attend ye faints, who in seraphic lays  
Exalt his name, but tremble while you praise :  
Ye hosts, that bow to your Almighty Lord,  
Hear, all his works, th' irrevocable word !  
Thy reign, O man, and earth, thy days are o'er !  
I swear by him, that time shall be no more."  
He spoke : (all nature groan'd a loud reply ;)  
Then shook the sun, and tore him from the sky.  
O ! would some angel's awful voice controul  
Each drooping thought, and swell my rising soul ;

82 . POEMS FOR YOUNG LADIES.

Would some descending seraph tune the lyre,  
 And warm my breast with more than mortal fire :  
 The scene I draw sublimer strains would claim.  
 Ev'n those might labour on so vast a theme !  
 But why for aid invok'd the immortal throng !  
 Why call'd angelic fire to tune my tongue ?  
 I see each look distracted, terrify'd,  
 The harp untouch'd hangs idly by their side.  
 I see, I see omnipotence in arms,  
 Each bosom trembling at the shrill alarms !  
 I see the sun fall through th' ethereal plains ;  
 The moon's pale disk a bloody tincture stains :  
 The dreadful call each mightier orbit hears, [spheres.  
 And worlds unning'd come tumbling from their  
 What pomp, what terror, tumult, and amaze !  
 What crowds to view ! what wrecks to swell the blaze !  
 What loud volcanoes roar ! (ev'n fields recoil)  
 What rocks to melt, what oceans yet to boil !  
 Shouldst thou behold, in dreadful league combin'd,  
 At once great *Ætna* and *Vesuvius* join'd,  
 Two mighty rivals for their center rock,  
 Surround the deep, and hide the clouds in smoke :  
 Their burning bowels rent, and (dire to name !)  
 Ev'n suns extinguish'd in the spreading flame !  
 Say, what is all, let fire, wind, waves prevail,  
 Compar'd to this ?—a feather, and a gale !

Rous'd

Rous'd from their sleep unnumber'd myriads come,  
 All wak'd at once, and burst the yielding tomb:  
 O'er the broad deep the loosen'd members swim;  
 Each sweeping whirlwind bore the flying limb;  
 The living atoms, with peculiar care,  
 Drawn from their cells, came speeding thro' the air;  
 Whether they lurk'd, through ages undecay'd,  
 Deep in the rock, or cloth'd some smiling mead;  
 Or in the lily's snowy bosom grew;  
 Or ting'd the saphire with its lovely blue;  
 Or in some purling stream refresh'd the plains;  
 Or form'd the mountain's adamantine veins;  
 Or, gaily sporting in the breathing spring,  
 Perfum'd the whisp'ring zephyr's balmy wing:  
 All heard; and now, in fairer prospect shown,  
 Limb clung to limb, and bone rejoin'd its bone:  
 Here stood, improv'd in strength, the graceful frame,  
 There flow'd the circling blood, a purer stream:  
 The beaming eye its dazzling light resumes;  
 Soft on the lip the tinctur'd ruby blooms;  
 The beating pulse a keener ardour warms,  
 And beauty triumphs in immortal charms.  
 So when by Raphael's happy pencil wrought  
 Some graceful figure rose, inform'd with thought,  
 Each part by turns the working hand portray'd,  
 Here cast the light, and there diffus'd the shade;

A richer bloom each flying touch bestow'd ;  
Now on the cheek a brighter vermeil glow'd :  
Art in the piece with nature seem'd to strive,  
And ev'ry blushing feature look'd alive.  
What scenes appear, where'er I turn my eyes !  
How wide the throng ! what forms innum'rous rise !  
Methinks I still behold the teeming earth  
Pour all at once her millions at a birth !  
They start with terror through the opening ground,  
Flames all beneath, and thunders all around.  
Are these the forms, that languishingly fair,  
Repin'd and sicken'd at each breeze of air ?  
The tender frames, like fading roses pale,  
Whose leaves are shrivel'd by the ruffling gale ?  
To death's destructive dart an easy prey,  
That sunk, and feebly sigh'd the soul away ?  
This clouded scene attempt not to explore ;  
Where reason sinks, 'twere madness then to soar :  
Heav'n that to each the just proportion brought,  
Here bounds the flight of vain bewilder'd thought ;  
When fancy plays within its proper sphere,  
It smiles, and shows th' unfully'd object clear ;  
Whene'er from that the erring guide removes,  
'Tis dark ; all else but puzzles, not improves.  
Look round, my soul, o'er ev'ry scene below,  
What millions rise, distinguish'd by their woe !



See widows, orphans, mothers, infants slain,  
A feeble, harmless, weeping, fainting train !  
What crowds, extinct by an untimely doom,  
Are torn from life in youth's deluding bloom !  
A throng of mourners sighing by their side,  
The hoary fire perhaps, and virgin bride ;  
The friend whose eyes with gushing streams o'erflow,  
The mother pierc'd with agonizing woe.  
See ! where the shade, to strike his gasping prey,  
Draws the keen dart, that never miss'd its way ;  
Thron'd on the ruin of terrestrial things,  
He sits, and tramples on the dust of kings.  
See, his black chariot floats in streams of gore,  
Pale rage behind, and terror strides before.  
Not beauty with'ring in the bloom of years,  
Not dove-ey'd innocence dissolv'd in tears,  
Not kneeling love that trembles as it prays,  
Not heart-struck anguish fix'd in stupid gaze !  
Not all the frantic groans of wild despair ;  
Not helpless age, that tears its silver hair ;  
Can stay one moment the severe command,  
Or wrest th' avenging dart from that relentless hand.  
Here pause :—the crowds extended on the bier,  
Claim from the filial heart a parting tear ;  
Spend on the tomb where drooping grandeur lies,  
One mournful burst of sympathizing sighs.

O death !

O death ! terrific ere thy dart is try'd !  
Whose hand o'erturns the tow'ring domes of pride ;  
What wide destruction marks thy fatal reign !  
What numbers bleed through all thy vast domain !  
Whether thy arm, its dreadful strength to show,  
Like Sampson's, sweeps its thousands at a blow ;  
Or gives the cannon's parting ball to fly ;  
Or wings the lightning glancing through the sky ;  
Or bursts the opening ground (whose fields destroy'd)  
The city tumbling through the dreadful void !  
If, in the fever, famine, plague, thou blast  
Th' unpeopl'd earth, and lay the nations waste ;  
Though all her sons, the victims of thy pow'r,  
Her sons, that fall by millions in an hour ;  
Yet know, should all thy terrors stand display'd,  
'Tis but the meaner soul that shrinks with dread :  
That solemn scene the suppliant captive mourns ;  
That scene, intrepid virtue views, and scorns.  
Thine, virtue ! thine is each persuasive charm,  
Thine ev'ry soul with heav'nly raptures warm ;  
Thine all the bliss that innocence bestows,  
And thine the heart that feels another's woes.  
What though thy train, neglected, or unknown,  
Have sought the silent vale, and sigh'd alone ?  
Though torrents stream'd from every melting eye ?  
Though from each bosom burst th' unpity'd sigh ?  
Though

Though oft, with life's distracting cares oppress'd,  
They long'd to sleep in everlasting rest?  
O envy'd misery!—what soft delight [night:  
Breath'd on the mind, and smooth'd the gloom of  
When nobler prospects, an eternal train,  
Made rapture glow in ev'ry beating vein;  
When heav'n's bright domes the smiling eye survey'd,  
And joys that bloom'd more sweetly from the shade.  
Now all appear'd ascending from the tomb,  
Who breath'd the air, or slumber'd in the womb:  
The crowds that live in all th' unbounded skies,  
Now rais'd the trembling head with wild surprise:  
Stars with their num'rous sons augment the throng,  
Each world's majestic offspring tow'r'd along:  
Thick, as the burning sun's meridian rays,  
The hov'ring insects basking in the blaze;  
The swarms that flutter, when the day's withdrawn;  
The throng that rises with the rising dawn;  
The world supported by Jehovah's care,  
And all the race that peoples all the air,  
Rang'd on a field by labouring angels rear'd,  
In dreadful length th' innum'rous throng appear'd:  
Earth's noblest sons, the mighty wretched things,  
Call'd heroes, consuls, Cæsars, judges, kings,  
Now swell'd the crowd, promiscuous and unknown,  
The meanest slave from him who fill'd a throne:

Each

Each tyrant now would bless the yawning tomb,  
 And pride stands shudd'ring at th' approaching doom.  
 Think you behold ten thousand armies stand,  
 All form'd, and rais'd by some divine command;  
 Saw where the giants burst their dark abode,  
 While the tomb labour'd with th' unusual load.  
 Let Theseus, Sampson, tow'r upon the plain,  
 With stern Achilles, from a field of slain:  
 Let Rome's and Greece' triumphant son's appear,  
 A Cæsar there, an Alexander here:  
 Her splendid multitudes let Persia join,  
 Thy swarms Thermopylæ, and, Ilium, thine:  
 See Cannæ tainted with a purple flood,  
 And great Pharsalia's fields that stream with blood:  
 Extend the view:—See god-like Trajan's pow'r:  
 Th' intrepid chief proceeds from shore to shore,  
 Flies on the foe, and paints the reeking field  
     with gore!  
 Lo! next a throng of wild Barbarians come,  
 The crowds that triumph'd o'er imperial Rome:  
 See, like a cloud that gathers on the day,  
 Th' embattled squadrons shape their dreadful way:  
 Prodigious hosts! who (all their foes o'erthrown)  
 Once rul'd supreme, and made a world their own:  
 Next Asia's millions fill th' extended space,  
 Known from the rest, a soft, unmanly race;  
While

While there, (each bosom rough with many a scar)  
Stand Afric's troops, the stormy sons of war.  
Columbus' world, a wide innum'rous throng,  
Swells on the straining fight, and pours along,  
Blest race! ere discord snatch'd the gleaming shield,  
Ere war tremendous thunder'd o'er the field,  
Ere freedom ranging o'er Peruvian plains, [chains:  
Mark'd their dire waste, and heard the clanking  
At once dim sorrow veil'd her shining eyes,  
She spread her dazzling plumes, and ey'd the skies;  
Guilt, rage, and death, terrific shapes! appear,  
The distant tumult murmur'd on her ear:  
She sigh'd;—and mounting on the glancing ray,  
Shot o'er the scene, and fought the climes of day.  
Now rous'd to life th' assembled myriads trod,  
No tyrant o'er them shakes th' avenging rod;  
'Tis conscience speaks—th' impartial mandate giv'n  
Consigns to death, or ope's the climes of heav'n;  
Her looks divine the fever'd thought controul,  
Her voice like music thrills th' enraptur'd soul.  
But see, where rising, a resplendent throng,  
Thy sons, Europa, claim a nobler song:  
Lo! Britain's heroes burst upon the fight,  
Each chief who dar'd the exulting foe to fight!  
View the wide fields, where fainting armies bled!  
See Blenheim's, Cressy's, Agincourt's display'd!



War, blood, destruction, triumphs, conquests rise,  
And kings, and patriots blest th' enraptur'd eyes!  
Let Gallia next her num'rous hosts unfold,  
The crowds she rais'd by force, or won by gold:  
Think you beheld th' united armies spread,  
And all the crowds Turenne, or Conde led;  
By Charles' unguided rage the throng that dy'd;  
The millions murder'd for her Bourbon's pride.  
Join all at once, or (if thy thoughts can soar  
So vast a height) yet add ten thousand more!  
Say when thy soul its last idea brought,  
Stretch'd o'er the verge of strong expanded thought;  
When all th' unbounded genius soar'd on high,  
Did e'er such numbers strike the wond'ring eye?  
So vast, they mock the soul's confounded fight:  
Ev'n thought falls back in its unequal flight;  
Not tempting hope the mighty depth can sound,  
Nor fancy's widening ken can mark the bound.  
Yet mid' the crowd that pour'd o'er all the field,  
A crowd which scarce the labouring eye beheld!  
Ye monarchs, hear!—this pomp of nations join'd,  
These ages, empires, kingdoms, states combin'd,  
These boasted thousands, millions, myriads,—all,  
Shrunk to a point unmeasurably small!  
Scarce when a group of buzzing flies display  
Their forms, that glitter with the glancing ray;  
Scarce,

Scarce, less observ'd, mid' all the numbers there,  
 One flitting wing that feebly fans the air!  
 Eternal God, whose word supremely wise  
 Can crush, or people all th' expanded skies!  
 Who bid'st creation wait on thy command,  
 Throw'st worlds like atoms from thy forming hand!  
 O! for some nobler, more exalted lays,  
 Some heav'nly strains, to speak thy boundless praise!  
 All fancy droops on this transporting scene!  
 All rapture dull! all elegance is mean!  
 All thought too faint! all colours cease to glow!  
 All fire too languid! all sublime too low!  
 O thou, whose name all nature joins to raise!  
 What seraph's voice can tell thy wondrous ways!  
 Who show'd (how god-like was th' amazing plan!)  
 Thy pow'r on angels, but thy love to man!  
 Thy pow'r, thy love, when uncontroul'd and free,  
 Crush'd all their hosts, O man! and ransom'd thee.  
 But stay, my muse, be silent and admire;  
 This lofty theme exceeds angelic fire!  
 Mark what new scene thy rapid glance descrys!  
 What sudden radiance flashes o'er the skies!  
 From heav'n's vast heights th' immortal throng de-  
 The worlds below in mute suspense attend: [scend;  
 Through all its tracts thy mighty theme pursue,  
 And paint the scenes that burst upon thy view.

Now, touch'd with grief, the pensive guide survey'd,  
Whate'er of grand this awful pomp display'd;  
Then rais'd in silent woe his mournful eyes,  
And paus'd,—till thus with intermingling sighs:  
“ Say where, vain mortal ! now the pomp of state ?  
The pride of kings, the triumphs of the great ?  
Where now the imbattled host, the whirling car ?  
Where the proud spoils of desolating war ?  
Hope's flatt'ring wish, ambition's tow'ring aim ?  
The boast of grandeur, and the wreaths of fame ?  
Where the gay plan by fancy's hand refin'd,  
That smil'd illusive on th' enchanted mind ?  
Ah ! view'd no more, these beauteous traits decay,  
Like stars that fade before the rising day !  
Less swift the gale that skims the ruffling stream,  
Nor flies more quick the visionary dream.  
Hail, heav'nly piety, supremely fair !  
Whose smiles can calm the horrors of despair ;  
Bid in each breast unusual transports flow,  
And wipe the tears that stain the cheek of woe :  
How blest the man who leaves each meaner scene,  
Like thee, exalted, smiling, and serene !  
Whose rising soul pursues a nobler flight ;  
Whose bosom melts with more refin'd delight ;  
Whose thoughts, elate with transports all sublime,  
Can soar at once beyond the views of time :

Till

Till loos'd from earth, as angels unconfin'd  
He flies aerial on the darting wind;  
Free as the keen ey'd eagle, bears away,  
And mounts the regions of eternal day."

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FABLES.

By MR MOORE.

THE NIGHTINGALE AND GLOW-WORM.

**T**HE prudent nymph, whose cheeks disclose  
The lilly, and the blushing rose,  
From public view her charms will screen,  
And rarely in the crowd be seen;  
This simple truth shall keep her wise,  
"The fairest fruits attract the flies."

One night a glow-worm, proud and vain,  
Contemplating her glitt'ring train,  
Cry'd, sure there never was in nature  
So elegant so fine a creature.  
All other insects, that I see,  
The frugal ant, industrious bee,  
Or silk-worm, with contempt I view;  
With all that low, mechanic crew,

Who

Who fervilely their lives employ  
 In business, enemy to joy.  
 Mean, vulgar herd! ye are my scorn,  
 For grandeur only I was born,  
 Or sure am sprung from race divine,  
 And plac'd on earth, to live and shine.  
 Those lights, that sparkle so on high,  
 Are but the glow-worms of the sky,  
 And kings on earth their gems admire,  
 Because they imitate my fire.

She spoke. Attentive on a spray,  
 A Nightingale forbore his lay;  
 He saw the shining morfel near,  
 And flew, directed by the glare;  
 A while he gaz'd with sober look,  
 And thus the trembling prey bespoke!

Deluded fool, with pride elate,  
 Know, 'tis thy beauty brings thy fate:  
 Less dazzling, long thou might'st have lain  
 Unheeded on the velvet plain:  
 Pride, soon or late, degraded mourns,  
 And beauty wrecks whom she adorns.

## HYMEN AND DEATH.

SIXTEEN, dy'e say? nay then 'tis time,  
 Another year destroys your prime.

But



But stay—the settlement! “That’s made.”  
Why then’s my simple girl afraid?  
Yet hold a moment, if you can,  
And heedfully the fable scan.

The shades were fled, the morning blush’d,  
The winds were in their caverns hush’d  
When Hymen, pensive and sedate,  
Held o’er the fields his musing gait.  
Behind him, through the green-wood shade,  
Death’s meagre form the god survey’d;  
Who quickly, with gigantic stride,  
Out-went his pace and join’d his side.  
The chat on various subjects ran,  
Till angry Hymen thus began.

Relentless death, whose iron sway  
Mortal reluctant must obey;  
Still of thy pow’r shall I complain,  
And thy too partial hand arraign?  
When Cupid brings a pair of hearts,  
All over stuck with equal darts,  
Thy cruel shafts my hopes deride,  
And cut the knot that Hymen ty’d.  
Shall not the bloody and the bold,  
The miser, hoarding up his gold,  
The harlot, reeking from the stew,  
Alone thy fell revenge pursue?

But

But must the gentle, and the kind,  
Thy fury, undisturb'd, find?

The monarch calmly thus reply'd;  
Weigh well the cause, and then decide.  
That friend of yours you lately nam'd,  
Cupid, alone is to be blam'd;  
Then let the charge be justly laid;  
'That idle boy neglects his trade,  
And hardly once in twenty years,  
A couple to your temple bears.  
'The wretches, whom your office blends,  
Silenus now, or Plutus sends;  
Hence care, and bitterness, and strife,  
Are common to the nuptial life.

Believe me; more than all mankind,  
Your vot'ries my compassion find;  
Yet cruel am I call'd, and base,  
Who seek the wretched to release;  
The captive from his bonds to free,  
Indissoluble but for me.

'Tis I entice him to the yoke;  
By me, your crowded altars smoke;  
For mortals boldly dare the noose,  
Secure that death will set them loose.

## THE WOLF, THE SHEEP, AND THE LAMB.

DUTY demands, the parent's voice  
Should sanctify the daughter's choice;  
In that is due obedience shewn;  
To chuse belongs to her alone.

May horror seize his midnight hour,  
Who builds upon a parent's pow'r,  
And claims, by purchase vile and base,  
The loathing maid for his embrace;  
Hence virtue sickens; and the breast,  
Where peace had built her downy nest,  
Becomes the troubled seat of care,  
And pines with anguish, and despair.

A wolf, rapacious, rough and bold,  
Whose nightly plunders thin'd the fold,  
Contemplating his ill-spent life,  
And cloy'd with thefts, would take a wife.  
His purpose known, the savage race,  
In num'rous crowds, attend the place;  
For why, a mighty wolf he was,  
And held dominion in his jaws.  
Her fav'rite whelp each mother brought,  
And humbly his alliance sought;  
But cold age, or else too nice,  
None found acceptance in his eyes.

It happen'd, as at early dawn  
 He solitary cross'd the lawn,  
 Stray'd from the fold, a sportive lamb  
 Skip'd wanton by her fleecy dam;  
 When Cupid, foe to man and beast,  
 Discharg'd an arrow at his breast.

The tim'rous breed the robber knew,  
 And trembling o'er the meadow flew;  
 Their nimblest speed the wolf o'ertook,  
 And courteous, thus the dam bespoke.

Stay, fairest, and suspend your fear,  
 Trust me, no enemy is near;  
 These jaws, in slaughter oft imbru'd  
 At length have known enough of blood;  
 And kinder business brings me now,  
 Vanquish'd at beauty's feet to bow.  
 You have a daughter—Sweet, forgive  
 A wolf's address—in her I live;  
 Love from her eyes like light'ning came,  
 And set my marrow all on flame;  
 Let your consent confirm my choice,  
 And ratify our nuptial joys.

Me ample wealth, and pow'r attend,  
 Wide o'er the plains my realms extend;  
 What midnight robber dare invade  
 The fold, if I the guard am made?

At home the shepherd's curr may sleep,  
While I secure his master's sheep.

Discourse like this, attention claim'd;  
Grandeur the mother's breast inflam'd;  
Now fearless by his side she walk'd,  
Of settlements and jointures talk'd;  
Propos'd, and doubled her demands  
Of flow'ry fields, and turnip-lands.  
The wolf agrees. Her bosom swells;  
To Miss her happy fate she tells;  
And of the grand alliance vain,  
Contemns her kindred of the plain.  
The loathing lamb with horror hears,  
And wearies out her dam with pray'rs;  
But all in vain; mamma best knew  
What unexperienc'd girls should do;  
So, to the neighb'ring meadow carry'd,  
A formal ass the couple marry'd.

Torn from the tyrant-mother's side,  
The trembler goes, a victim-bride,  
Reluctant, meets the rude embrace,  
And bleats among the howling race.  
With horror oft her eyes behold  
Her murder'd kindred of the fold;  
Each day a sister-lamb is serv'd,  
And at the glutton's table carv'd;



100 POEMS FOR YOUNG LADIES:

The crashing bones he grinds for food,  
 And flakes his thirst with streaming blood.  
 Love, who the cruel mind detests,  
 And lodges but in gentle breasts,  
 Was now no more. Enjoyment past,  
 The savage hunger'd for the feast;  
 But (as we find in human race,  
 A mask conceals the villain's face)  
 Justice must authorize the treat;  
 'Till then he long'd, but durst not eat.  
 As forth he walk'd, in quest of prey,  
 The hunters met him on the way;  
 Fear wings his flight; the marsh he fought;  
 The snuffing dogs are set at fault.  
 His stomach baulk'd, now hunger gnaws,  
 Howling, he grinds his empty jaws;  
 Food must be had, and lamb is nigh;  
 His maw invokes the fraudulent lie.  
 Is this (dissembling rage, he cry'd)  
 The gentle virtue of a bride?  
 That, leagu'd with man's destroying race,  
 She sets her husband for the chace?  
 By treach'ry prompts the noisy hound  
 To scent his footsteps on the ground?  
 Thou traitress vile! for this thy blood  
 Shall glut my rage, and dye the wood!

So saying, on the lamb he flies,  
Beneath his jaws the victim dies.

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## THE STORY OF

## L A V I N I A.

BY MR THOMSON.

SOON as the morning trembles o'er the sky,  
And, unperceiv'd, unfolds the spreading day;  
Before the ripened field the reapers stand,  
In fair array; each by the lass he loves,  
To bear the rougher part, and mitigate  
By nameless gentle offices her toil.  
At once they stoop, and swell the lustrous sheaves;  
While through their chearful band the rural talk,  
The rural scandal, and the rural jest,  
Fly harmless, to deceive the tedious time,  
And steal unfelt the sultry hours away.  
Behind the master walks, builds up the shocks;  
And conscious, glancing oft on every side  
His fated eye, feels his heart heave with joy.  
The gleaners spread around, and here and there,  
Spike after spike, their scanty harvest pick,  
Be not too narrow, husbandman! but fling  
From the full sheaf, with charitable stealth,

The

The liberal handful. Think, oh grateful think!  
 How good the God of Harvest is to you;  
 Who pours abundance o'er your flowing fields;  
 While these unhappy partners of your kind  
 Wide-hover round you, like the fowls of heaven,  
 And ask their humble dole. The various turns  
 Of fortune ponder; that your sons may want  
 What now, with hard reluctance, faint, ye give.

The lovely young Lavinia once had friends;  
 And fortune smil'd deceitful on her birth.  
 For, in her helpless years depriv'd of all,  
 Of every stay, save innocence and Heaven,  
 She, with her widow'd mother, feeble, old,  
 And poor, liv'd in a cottage, far retir'd  
 Among the windings of a woody vale;  
 By solitude and deep surrounding shades,  
 But more by bashful modesty, conceal'd.  
 Together thus they shunn'd the cruel scorn  
 Which virtue, sunk to poverty, would meet  
 From giddy passion and low-minded pride:  
 Almost on nature's common bounty fed;  
 Like the gay birds that sung them to repose,  
 Content, and careless of to-morrow's fare.  
 Her form was fresher than the morning rose,  
 When the dew wets its leaves; unstain'd, and pure,  
 As is the lily, or the mountain snow.  
 The modest virtues mingled in her eyes,

Still

Still on the ground dejected, darting all  
 Their humid beams into the blooming flowers :  
 Or when the mournful tale her mother told,  
 Of what her faithless fortune promis'd once,  
 Thrill'd in her thought, they, like the dewy star  
 Of evening, shone in tears. A native grace  
 Sat fair-proportion'd on her polish'd limbs,  
 Veil'd in a simple robe, their best attire,  
 Beyond the pomp of dress ; for loveliness  
 Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,  
 But is when unadorn'd adorn'd the most.  
 Thoughtless of beauty, she was beauty's self.  
 Recluse amid the close-embowering woods,  
 As in the hollow breast of Appenine,  
 Beneath the shelter of encircling hills,  
 A myrtle rises, far from human eye,  
 And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild ;  
 So flourish'd blooming, and unseen by all,  
 The sweet Lavinia ; till, at length, compell'd  
 By strong necessity's supreme command,  
 With smiling patience in her looks, she went  
 To glean Palemon's fields. The pride of swains  
 Palemon was, the generous, and the rich ;  
 Who led the rural life in all its joy  
 And elegance, such as Arcadian song  
 Transmits from ancient uncorrupted times ;  
 When tyrant custom had not shackled man,

But

But free to follow nature was the mode.  
 He then, his fancy with autumnal scenes  
 Amusing, chanc'd beside his reaper train  
 To walk, when poor Lavinia drew his eye ;  
 Unconscious of her power, and turning quick  
 With unaffected blushes from his gaze :  
 He saw her charming, but he saw not half  
 The charms her down-cast modesty conceal'd.  
 That very moment love and chaste desire  
 Sprung in his bosom, to himself unknown.  
 For still the world prevail'd, and its dread laugh,  
 Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn,  
 Should his heart own a gleaner in the field :  
 And thus in secret to his soul he sigh'd.  
 " What pity ! that so delicate a form,  
 By beauty kindled, where enlivening sense  
 And more than vulgar goodness seem to dwell,  
 Should be devoted to the rude embrace  
 Of some indecent clown ! She looks, methinks,  
 Of old Acasto's line ; and to my mind  
 Recals that patron of my happy life,  
 From whom my liberal fortune took its rise ;  
 Now to the dust gone down : his houses, lands,  
 And once fair-spreading family, dissolv'd.  
 'Tis said that in some lone obscure retreat,  
 Urg'd by remembrance sad, and decent pride,  
 Far from those scenes which knew their better days,  
 His



His aged widow and his daughter live,  
Whom yet my fruitless search could never find.  
Romantic wish ! would this the daughter were !”

When, strict enquiring, from herself he found  
She was the same, the daughter of his friend,  
Of bountiful Acasto ; who can speak  
The mingled passions that surpris'd his heart,  
And thro' his nerves in shivering transport ran ?  
Then blaz'd his smother'd flame, avow'd, and bold ;  
And as he view'd her, ardent, o'er and o'er,  
Love, gratitude, and pity wept at once.  
Confus'd, and frightened at his sudden tears,  
Her rising beauties flush'd a higher bloom,  
As thus Palemon, passionate, and just,  
Pour'd out the pious rapture of his soul.

“ And art thou then Acasto's dear remains ?  
She, whom my restless gratitude has sought  
So long in vain ? O heavens ! the very same,  
The softened image of my noble friend ;  
Alive his every look, his every feature,  
More elegantly touch'd. Sweeter than spring !  
Thou sole surviving blossom from the root  
That nourish'd up my fortune ! Say, ah where,  
In what sequester'd desert, hast thou drawn  
The kindest aspect of delighted Heaven ?  
Into such beauty spread, and blown so fair :  
Though poverty's cold wind, and crushing rain,

## 166 POEMS FOR YOUNG LADIES.

Beat keen, and heavy, on thy tender years?  
 O let me now, into a richer soil,  
 Transplant thee safe! where vernal suns, and showers,  
 Diffuse their warmest, largest influence;  
 And of my garden be the pride, and joy!  
 Ill it befits thee, oh it ill befits  
 Acasto's daughter, his whose open stores,  
 Though vast, were little to his ampler heart,  
 The father of a country, thus to pick  
 The very refuse of those harvest fields,  
 Which from his bounteous friendship I enjoy.  
 Then throw that shameful pittance from thy hand,  
 But ill apply'd to such a rugged task;  
 The fields, the master, all, my fair, are thine;  
 If to the various blessings which thy house  
 Has on me lavish'd, thou wilt add that bliss,  
 That dearest bliss, the power of blessing thee!"

Here ceas'd the youth: yet still his speaking eye  
 Express'd the sacred triumph of his soul,  
 With conscious virtue, gratitude, and love,  
 Above the vulgar joy divinely rais'd.  
 Nor waited he reply. Won by the charm  
 Of goodness irresistible, and all  
 In sweet disorder lost, she blush'd consent.  
 The news immediate to her mother brought,  
 While, pierc'd with anxious thought, she pin'd away  
 The lonely moments for Lavinia's fate;

Amaz'd,

Amaz'd, and scarce believing what she heard,  
 Joy seiz'd her wither'd veins, and one bright gleam  
 Of setting life shone on her evening hours:  
 Not less enraptur'd than the happy pair;  
 Who flourish'd long in tender bliss, and rear'd  
 A numerous offspring, lovely like themselves,  
 And good, the grace of all the country round.

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## ADVICE TO A LADY.

By the Honourable Mr N——.

THE counsels of a friend, Belinda, hear,  
 Too roughly kind to please a lady's ear;  
 Unlike the flatt'ries of a lover's pen,  
 Such truths as women seldom learn from men,  
 Nor think I praise you ill, when thus I shew  
 What female vanity might fear to know:  
 Some merit's mine, to dare to be sincere,  
 But greater yours, sincerity to bear.

Hard is the fortune that your sex attends;  
 Women, like princes, find few real friends:  
 All who approach them their own ends pursue:  
 Lovers and ministers are seldom true.  
 Hence oft from reason heedless beauty strays,  
 And the most trusted guide the most betrays:

108 POEMS FOR YOUNG LADIES.

Hence by fond dreams of fancy'd pow'r amus'd,  
When most you tyrannize you're most abus'd.

What is your sex's earliest, latest care,  
Your heart's supreme ambition? To be fair:  
For this the toilet ev'ry thought employs,  
Hence all the toils of dress, and all the joys:  
For this, hands, lips, and eyes are put to school,  
And each instructive feature has its rule;  
And yet how few have learnt, when this is giv'n,  
Not to disgrace the partial boon of heav'n?  
How few with all their pride of form can move?  
How few are lovely, that were made for love?  
Do you, my fair, endeavour to possess  
An elegance of mind as well as dress;  
Be that your ornament, and know to please  
By grateful nature's unaffected ease.

Nor make to dang'rous wit a vain pretence,  
But wisely rest content with modest sense;  
For wit, like wine, intoxicates the brain,  
Too strong for feeble women to sustain;  
Of those who claim it, more than half have none,  
And half of those who have it, are undone.

Be still superior to your sex's arts,  
Nor think dishonesty a proof of parts;  
For you the plainest is the wisest rule,  
A Cunning Woman is a Knavish Fool.

Be

Be good yourself, nor think another's shame  
 Can raise your merit, or adorn your fame.  
 Prudes rail at whores, as statesmen in disgrace  
 At ministers, because they wish their place.  
 Virtue is amiable, mild, serene,  
 Without all beauty, and all peace within:  
 The honour of a prude is rage and storm,  
 'Tis ugliness in its most frightful form:  
 Fiercely it stands defying gods and men,  
 As fiery monsters guard a giant's den.

Seek to be good, but aim not to be great:  
 A woman's noblest station is retreat;  
 Her fairest virtues fly from public sight,  
 Domestic worth, that shuns too strong a light.

To rougher man ambition's task resign:  
 'Tis theirs in senates or in courts to shine,  
 To labour for a sunk corrupted state,  
 Or dare the rage of envy, and be great.  
 One only care your gentle breasts should move,  
 Th' important business of your life is love:  
 To this great point direct your constant aim,  
 This makes your happiness, and this your fame.

Be never cool reserve with passion join'd;  
 With caution chuse; but then be fondly kind.  
 The selfish heart, that but by halves is giv'n,  
 Shall find no place in love's delightful heav'n;

Here



110 POEMS FOR YOUNG LADIES.

Here sweet extremes alone can truly blefs,  
The virtue of a lover is excefs.

Contemn the little pride of giving pain,  
Nor think that conquest juſtifies diſdain;  
Short is the period of inſulting pow'r;  
Offended Cupid finds his vengeful hour,  
Soon will reſume the empire which he gave,  
And ſoon the tyrant ſhall become the ſlave.  
Bleſt is the maid, and worthy to be bleſt,  
Whoſe ſoul, entire by him ſhe loves poſſeſs'd,  
Feels ev'ry vanity in fondneſs loſt,  
And aſks no pow'r, but that of pleaſing moſt:  
Her's is the bliſs in juſt return to prove  
The honeſt warmth of undiſſembled love;  
For her, inconstant man might ceaſe to range,  
And gratitude forbid deſire to change.

But leſt harſh care the lover's peace deſtroy,  
And roughly blight the tender buds of joy,  
Let reaſon teach what paſſion fain would hide,  
That Hymen's bands by prudence ſhould be ty'd,  
Venus in vain the wedded pair would crown,  
If angry fortune on their union frown:  
Soon will the flatt'ring dream of bliſs be o'er,  
And cloy'd imagination cheat no more.  
Then waking to the ſenſe of laſting pain,  
With mutual tears the nuptial couch they ſtain,

And

And that fond love, which should afford relief,  
Does but increase the anguish of their grief;  
While both could easier their own sorrows bear,  
Than the sad knowledge of each other's care.

Yet may you rather feel that virtuous pain,  
Then sell your violated charms for gain;  
Than wed the wretch whom you despise, or hate,  
For the vain glare of useless wealth or state.  
The most abandoned prostitutes are they,  
Who not to love, but av'rice fall a prey:  
Nor aught avails the specious name of Wife;  
A maid so wedded, is a Whore for Life.

Ev'n in the happiest choice, where fav'ring heav'n  
Has equal love, and easy fortune giv'n,  
Think not, the husband gain'd, that all is done;  
The prize of happiness must still be won;  
And oft, the careless find it to their cost,  
The lover in the husband may be lost;  
The graces might alone his heart allure;  
They and the virtues meeting must secure.  
Let ev'n your prudence wear the pleasing dress  
Of care for him, and anxious tenderness.  
From kind concern about his well or woe,  
Let each domestic duty seem to flow;  
Endearing every common act of life,  
The mistress still shall charm him in the wife!

And

## 12 POEMS FOR YOUNG LADIES.

And wrinkled age shall unobserv'd come on,  
 Before his eye perceives one beauty gone:  
 Ev'n o'er your cold, and ever-facred urn,  
 His constant flame shall unextinguish'd burn.  
 'Tis thus, Belinda, I your charms improve,  
 And form your heart to all the arts of love;  
 The task were harder to secure my own  
 Against the pow'r of those already known;  
 For well you twist the secret chains that bind  
 With gentle force the captivated mind,  
 Skill'd ev'ry soft attraction to employ,  
 Each flatt'ring hope, and each alluring joy;  
 I own your genius, and from you receive  
 The rules of pleasing, which to you I give.

A

## FAIRY TALE.

BY DR PARNEL.

**I**N Britain's isle and Arthur's days,  
 When midnight Fairies daunc'd the maze,  
     Liv'd Edwin of the green;  
 Edwin, I wis, a gentle youth,  
 Endow'd with courage, sense, and truth,  
     Tho' badly shap'd he'd been.

His

His mountain back mote well be said  
To measure height against his head,  
And lift itself above;  
Yet spite of all that nature did  
To make his uncouth form forbid,  
This creature dar'd to love.

He felt the charms of Edith's eyes,  
Nor wanted hope to gain the prize,  
Cou'd ladies look within;  
But one Sir Topaz drefs'd with art,  
And, if a shape cou'd win a heart,  
He had a shape to win.

Edwin, if right I read my song,  
With slighted passion pac'd along  
All in the moony light;  
'Twas near an old enchanted court,  
Where sportive fairies made resort  
To revel out the night.

His heart was drear, his hope was cross'd,  
'Twas late, 'twas far, the path was lost  
That reach'd the neighbour-town;  
With weary steps he quits the shades,  
Resolv'd, the darkling dome he treads,  
And drops his limbs adown.

174 POEMS FOR YOUNG LADIES.

But scant he lays him on the floor,  
 When hollow winds remove the door,  
     A trembling, rocks the ground:  
 And, well I ween to count aright,  
 At once an hundred tapers light  
     On all the walls around.

Now sounding tongues assail his ear,  
 Now sounding feet approachen near,  
     And now the sounds increase:  
 And from the corner where he lay  
 He sees a train profusely gay  
     Come pranking o'er the place.

But (trust me Gentles!) never yet  
 Was dight a masquing half so neat,  
     Or half so rich before:  
 The country lent the sweet perfumes,  
 The sea the pearl, the sky the plumes,  
     The town its filken store.

Now whilst he gaz'd, a gallant drest,  
 In flaunting robes above the rest,  
     With awful accent cry'd;  
 What mortal of a wretched mind,  
 Whose sighs infect the balmy wind,  
     Has here presum'd to hide?

At



POEMS FOR YOUNG LADIES. 115

At this the swain, whose vent'rous soul  
No fears of magic art controul,  
    Advanc'd in open fight;  
"Nor have I cause of dread, he said,  
Who view by no presumption led  
    Your revels of the night.

'Twas grief, for scorn of faithful love,  
Which made my steps unweeting rove,  
    Amid the nightly dew."  
'Tis well the gallant cries again,  
We fairies never injure men  
    Who dare to tell us true.

Exalt thy love-dejected heart,  
Be mine the task, or ere we part,  
    To make thee grief-resign;  
Now take the pleasure of thy chance;  
Whilst I with Mab, my part'ner, daunce,  
    Be little Mable thine.

He spoke, and all a sudden there  
Light music floats in wanton air;  
    The monarch leads the queen:  
The rest their fairie part'ners found:  
And Mable trimly tript the ground  
    With Edwin of the green.

716 POEMS FOR YOUNG LADIES.

The dauncing past, the board was laid,  
And fiker such a feast was made  
As heart and lip desire,  
Withouten hands the dishes fly,  
The glasses with a wish come nigh,  
And with a wish retire.

But now to please the farie king,  
Full ev'ry deal they laugh and sing,  
And antic feats devise;  
Some wind and tumble like an ape,  
And other-some transmute their shape  
In Edwin's wond'ring eyes.

'Till one at last that Robin height,  
Renown'd for pinching maids by night,  
Has hent him up aloof;  
And full against the beam he flung,  
Where by the back the youth he hung  
To spraul unneath the roof.

From thence, "Reverse my charm, he cries,  
And let it fairly now suffice  
The gambol has been shown."  
But Oberon answers with a smile,  
Content thee Edwin for a while,  
The vantage is thine own.

Here

Here ended all the phantom-play ;  
 They smelt the fresh approach of day,  
     And heard a cock to crow ;  
 The whirling wind that bore the crowd  
 Has clap'd the door, and whistled loud,  
     To warn them all to go.

Then screaming all at once they fly,  
 And all at once the tapers dye ;  
     Poor Edwin falls to floor ;  
 Forlorn his state, and dark the place,  
 Was never weight in such a case  
     Through all the land before.

But soon as dan Apollo rose,  
 Full jolly creature home he goes,  
     He feels his back the less ;  
 His honest tongue and steady mind,  
 Had rid him of the lump behind,  
     Which made him want success,

With lusty livelyhed he talks,  
 He seems a dauncing as he walks,  
     His story soon took wind ;  
 And beauteous Edith sees the youth,  
 Endow'd with courage, sense, and truth,  
     Without a bunch behind.

The

118 POEMS FOR YOUNG LADIES.

The story told, Sir Topaz mov'd,  
The youth of Edith erst approv'd,  
To see the revel scene ;  
At close of eve he leaves his home,  
And wends to find the ruin'd dome  
All on the gloomy plain.

As there he bides, it so befel,  
The wind came rustling down a dell,  
A shaking seiz'd the wall :  
Up sprung the tapers as before,  
The fairies bragly foot the floor,  
And music fills the hall.

But certes sorely sunk with woe  
Sir Topaz sees the Elphins shew,  
His spirits in him dy :  
When Oberon crys, " a man is near,  
A mortal passion, cleeped fear,  
Hangs flagging in the sky."

With that Sir Topaz, hapless youth !  
In accents falt'ring, ay for ruth,  
Intreats them pity graunt ;  
For als he been a mister wight  
Betray'd by wand'ring in the night  
To tread the circled haunt ;

A Lofell

POEMS FOR YOUNG LADIES. 119

A Lofell vile, at once they roar;  
 And little skill'd of fairie lore,  
 Thy cause to come, we know:  
 Now has thy kestrell courage fell;  
 And fairies, since a lye you tell;  
 Are free to work thee woe."

Then Will, who bears the wispy fire  
 To trail the fwains among the mire,  
 The captive upward flung;  
 There like a tortoise in a shop  
 He dangled from the chamber-top,  
 Where whilome Edwin hung.

The revel now proceeds apace,  
 Deftly they frisk it o'er the place,  
 They sit, they drink, and eat;  
 The time with frolic mirth beguil,  
 And poor Sir Topaz hangs the while  
 'Till all the rout retreat.

By this the stars began to wink,  
 They shriek, they fly, the tapers sink,  
 And down ydrops the knight,  
 For never spell by fairie laid  
 With strong enchantment bound a glade,  
 Beyond the length of night,  
 Chill,



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Chill, dark, alone, adreed, he lay,  
'Till up the welkin rose the day,  
Then deem'd the dole was o'er :  
But wot ye well his harder lot ?  
His feely back the bunch had got  
Which Edwin lost afore.

This tale a Sybil-nurse ared ;  
She softly stroak'd my youngling head,  
And when the tale was done,  
Thus some are born, my son, she cries,  
With base impediments to rise;  
And some are born with none.

But virtue can itself advance  
To what the fav'rite fools of chance  
By fortune seem'd design'd :  
Virtue can gain the odds of fate,  
And from itself shake off the weight  
Upon th' unworthy mind."

---

A NIGHT-PIECE ON DEATH.

By the Same.

BY the blue taper's trembling light,  
No more I waste the wakeful night,

Intent

Intent with endless view to pore  
 The schoolmen and the sages o'er :  
 Their books from wisdom widely stray,  
 Or point at best the longest way.  
 I'll seek a readier path, and go  
 Where wisdom's surely taught below.  
 How deep yon azure dies the sky !  
 Where orbs of gold unnumber'd lye,  
 While through their ranks in silver pride  
 The nether crescent seems to glide.  
 The flumb'ring breeze forgets to breathe,  
 The lake is smooth and clear beneath,  
 Where once again the spangled shew  
 Descends to meet our eyes below.  
 The grounds which on the right aspire,  
 In dimness from the view retire :  
 The left presents a place of graves,  
 Whose wall the silent water laves.  
 That steeple guides thy doubtful fight  
 Among the livid gleams of night.  
 There pass with melancholy state,  
 By all the solemn heaps of fate ;  
 And think, as softly-sad you tread  
 Above the venerable dead,  
 Time was, like thee they life possesst,  
 And time shall be, that thou shalt rest.

Those graves, with bending oſier bound,  
That nameleſs heave the crumbled ground,  
Quick to the glancing thought diſcloſe,  
While toil and poverty reſoſe.

The flat ſmooth ſtones, that bear a name,  
The chiſſel's ſlender help to fame  
(Which ere our ſet of friends decay  
There frequent ſteps may wear away;  
A middle race of mortals own,  
Men, half ambitious, all unknown.  
The marble tombs that riſe on high,  
Whoſe dead in vaulted arches lie,  
Whoſe pillars ſwell with ſculptur'd ſtones,  
Arms, angels, epitaphs, and bones;  
Theſe, all the poor remains of ſtate,  
Adorn the rich, or praiſe the great;  
Who, while on earth, in fame they live,  
Are ſenſeleſs of the fame they give.

Ha! while I gaze, pale Cynthia fades,  
The burſting earth unveils the ſhades!  
All flow, and wan, and wrapt with ſhrouds,  
They riſe in viſionary crowds;  
And all with ſober accent cry,  
Think, mortal, what it is to die.

Now from yon black and fun'ral yew,  
That bathes the charnel-houſe with dew,

Methinks,

Methinks, I hear a voice begin;  
 (Ye ravens, cease your croaking din,  
 Ye tolling clocks, no time resound  
 O'er the long lake and midnight ground.)

It sends a peal of hollow groans,  
 Thus speaking from among the bones.

When men my scythe and darts supply,  
 How great a king of fears am I!  
 They view me like the last of things;  
 They make, and then they dread my stings;  
 Fools! if you less provok'd your fears,  
 No more my spectre-form appears.

Death's but a path that must be trod,  
 If man would ever pass to God:  
 A port of calms, a state of ease  
 From the rough rage of swelling seas.

Why then thy flowing fable stoles,  
 Deep pendent cypress, mourning poles,  
 Loose scarfs to fall athwart thy weeds,  
 Long palls, drawn herfes, cover'd steeds,  
 And plumes of black, that as they tread,  
 Nod o'er the 'scutcheons of the dead?

Nor can the parted body know,  
 Nor wants the soul, these forms of woe:  
 As men who long in prison dwell,  
 With lamps that glimmer round the cell,

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When e'er their suff'ring years are run,  
Spring forth to greet the glitt'ring sun :  
Such joy, though far transcending sense,  
Have pious souls at parting hence.  
On earth, and in the body plac'd,  
A few, and evil, years they waste :  
But when their chains are cast aside,  
See the glad scene unfolding wide,  
Clap the glad wing, and tow'r away,  
And mingle with the blaze of day.

POEMS



P O E M S  
FOR  
Y O U N G L A D I E S.

---

P A R T III.  
E N T E R T A I N I N G.

---

THE PARTING OF HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE.

From Homer's Iliad, Book VI.

TRANSLATED BY MR POPE.

HE said, and past with sad presaging heart  
To seek his spouse, his soul's far dearer part;  
At home he fought her, but he fought in vain:  
She, with one maid of all her menial train,  
Had thence retir'd; and with her second joy,  
The young Astyanax, the hope of Troy,  
Pensive she stood on Ilion's tow'ry height,  
Beheld the war, and sicken'd at the sight;  
There her sad eyes in vain her Lord explore,  
Or weep the wounds her bleeding country bore.

But

But he who found not whom his soul desir'd,  
 Whose virtue charm'd him as her beauty fir'd,  
 Stood in the gates, and ask'd what way she bent  
 Her parting step? If to the fane she went,  
 Where late the mourning matrons made resort;  
 Or sought her sisters in the Trojan court?  
 Not to the court, (reply'd th' attendant train)  
 Nor mix'd with matrons to Minerva's fane:  
 To Ilion's steepy tow'r she bent her way,  
 To mark the fortunes of the doubtful day.  
 Troy fled, she heard, before the Grecian sword;  
 She heard, and trembled for her absent Lord;  
 Distracted with surprize, she seem'd to fly,  
 Fear on her cheek, and sorrow in her eye.  
 The nurse attended with her infant boy,  
 The young Astyanax, the hope of Troy.

Hector, this heard, return'd without delay;  
 Swift through the town he trod his former way,  
 Through streets of palaces, and walks of state;  
 And met the mourner at the Scæan gate.  
 With haste to meet him sprung the joyful fair,  
 His blameless wife, Action's wealthy heir;  
 (Cilician Thebe great Action sway'd,  
 And Hippoplacus' wide extended shade)  
 The nurse stood near, in whose embraces prest,  
 His only hope hung smiling at her breast,

Whom

Whom each soft charm and early grace adorn,  
 Fair as the new-born star that gilds the morn.  
 To this lov'd infant Hector gave the name  
 Scamandrius, from Scamander's honour'd stream;  
 Aftyanax the Trojans call'd the boy,  
 From his great father, the defence of Troy.  
 Silent the warrior smil'd, and pleas'd resign'd  
 To tender passions all his mighty mind:  
 His beauteous princess cast a mournful look,  
 Hung on his hand, and then dejected spoke;  
 Her bosom labour'd with a boding sigh,  
 And the big tear stood trembling in her eye.

Too daring prince! ah whither dost thou run?  
 Ah too forgetful of thy wife and son!  
 And think'st thou not how wretched we shall be,  
 A widow I, an helpless orphan he!  
 For sure such courage length of life denies,  
 And thou must fall, thy virtue's sacrifice.  
 Greece in her single heroes strove in vain;  
 Now hosts oppose thee, and thou must be slain!  
 Oh grant me, Gods! ere Hector meets his doom,  
 All I can ask of heav'n, an early tomb!

So shall my days in one sad tenour run,  
 And end with sorrows as they first begun.  
 No parent now remains my griefs to share,  
 No father's aid, no mother's tender care.

The

The fierce Achilles wrapt our walls in fire,  
Laid Thebe waste, and flew my warlike fire;  
His fate compassion in the victor bred;  
Stern as he was, he yet rever'd the dead,  
His radiant arms preserv'd from hostile spoil,  
And laid him decent on the fun'ral pile;  
Then rais'd a mountain where his bones were burn'd:  
The mountain nymphs the rural tomb adorn'd,  
Jove's silvan daughters bade their elms bestow  
A barren shade, and in his honour grow.

By the same arm my sev'n brave brothers fell;  
In one sad day beheld the gates of hell:  
While the fat herds and snowy flocks they fed;  
Amid their fields the hapless heroes bled!  
My mother liv'd to bear the victor's bands,  
The queen of Hippoplacia's silvan lands:  
Redeem'd too late, she scarce beheld again  
Her pleasing empire and her native plain,  
When ah! oppress'd by life-consuming woe,  
She fell a victim to Diana's bow.

Yet while my Hector still survives; I see  
My father, mother, brethren, all, in thee:  
Alas! my parents, brothers, kindred, all  
Once more will perish, if my Hector fall.  
Thy wife, thy infant, in thy danger share:  
Oh prove a husband's and father's care!

That

That quarter most the skilful Greeks annoy,  
 Where yon' wild fig-trees join the wall of Troy :  
 Thou, from this tow'r defend th' important post ;  
 There Agamemnon points his dreadful host,  
 That pass Tydides, Ajax, strive to gain,  
 And there the vengeful Spartan fires his train.  
 Thrice our bold foes the fierce attack have giv'n,  
 Or led by hopes, or dictated from heav'n ;  
 Let others in the field their arms employ.  
 But stay my Hector here, and guard his Troy.

The chief reply'd : That post shall be my care,  
 Nor that alone, but all the works of war.  
 How would the sons of Troy, in arms renown'd,  
 And Troy's proud dames, whose garments sweep  
 the ground,

Attaint the lustre of my former name,  
 Should Hector basely quit the field of fame ?  
 My early youth was bred to martial pains,  
 My soul impels me to th' embattl'd plains :  
 Let me be foremost to defend the throne,  
 And gaurd my father's glories and my own.

Yet come it will, the day decreed by fates ;  
 (How my heart trembles while my tongue relates!)  
 The day when thou, imperial Troy ! must bend,  
 And see thy warriors fall, thy glories end.  
 And yet no dire presage so wounds my mind,  
 My mother's death, the ruin of my kind ;



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Not Priam's hoary hairs defil'd with gore,  
 Not all my brothers gasping on the shore;  
 As thine, Andromache! thy griefs I dread;  
 I see thee trembling, weeping, captive led!  
 In Argive looms our battles to design,  
 And woes, of which so large a part was thine!  
 To bear the victor's hard commands, or bring  
 The weight of waters from Hyperia's spring.  
 There while you groan beneath the load of life,  
 They cry, Behold the mighty Hector's wife!  
 Some haughty Greek, who lives thy tears to see,  
 Embitters all thy woes, by naming me.  
 The thoughts of glory past, and present shame,  
 A thousand griefs, shall waken at the name!  
 May I lie cold before that dreadful day,  
 Press'd with a load of monumental clay!  
 Thy Hector wrapt in everlasting sleep,  
 Shall neither hear thee sigh, nor see thee weep.

---

The Death of Dido, from Virgil's *Eneid*, B. IV.

Translated by Mr DRYDEN.

'T WAS dead of night, when weary bodies close  
 Their eyes in balmy sleep, and soft repose:

The

The winds no longer whisper through the woods,  
 Nor murmuring tides disturb the gentle floods.  
 The stars in silent order mov'd around,  
 And peace, with downy wings, was brooding on the  
 ground.

The flocks and herds, and partycolour'd fowl,  
 Which haunt the woods, or swim the weedy pool;  
 Stretch'd on the quiet earth securely lay,  
 Forgetting the past labours of the day.  
 All else of nature's common gift partake;  
 Unhappy Dido was alone awake.  
 Nor sleep or ease the furious queen can find.  
 Sleep fled her eyes, as quiet fled her mind;  
 Despair, and rage, and love, divide her heart:  
 Despair and rage had some, but love the greater part.

Then thus she said within her secret mind:  
 What shall I do, what succour can I find!  
 Become a suppliant to Hiarba's pride,  
 And take my turn, to court and be deny'd!  
 Shall I with this ungrateful Trojan go,  
 Forsake an empire, and attend a foe?  
 Himself I refug'd, and his train reliev'd;  
 'Tis true; but am I sure to be receiv'd?  
 Can gratitude in Trojan souls have place!  
 Laomedon still lives in all his race!  
 Then, shall I seek alone the churlish crew,  
 And with my fleet their flying sails pursue?

What force have I but those, whom scarce before  
 I drew reluctant from their native shore?  
 Will they again embark at my desire,  
 Once more sustain the seas, and quit their second Tyre?  
 Rather with steel thy guilty breast invade,  
 And take the fortune thou thyself hast made.  
 Your pity, sister, first seduc'd my mind;  
 Or seconded too well, what I design'd.  
 These dear-bought pleasures had I never known,  
 Had I continu'd free, and still my own;  
 Avoiding love, I had not found despair:  
 But shar'd with savage beasts the common air.  
 Like them a lonely life I might have led,  
 Not mourn'd the living, nor disturb'd the dead.  
 These thoughts she brooded in her anxious breast;  
 On board, the Trojan found more easy rest.  
 Resolv'd to sail, in sleep he pass'd the night;  
 And order'd all things for his early flight.

To whom once more the winged God appears: }  
 His former youthful mien and shape he wears, }  
 And with this new alarm invades his ears. }  
 Sleep'st thou, O Goddess-born! and canst thou drown  
 Thy needful cares, so near a hostile town?  
 Beset with foes: nor hear'st the western gales  
 Invite thy passage, and inspire thy sails?  
 She harbours in her heart a furious hate;  
 And thou shalt find the dire effects too late;

Fix'd

Fix'd on revenge, and obstinate to die:  
 Haste swiftly hence, while thou hast pow'r to fly.  
 The sea with ships will soon be cover'd o'er,  
 And blazing firebrands kindle all the shore.  
 Prevent her rage, while night obscures the skies;  
 And sail before the purple morn arise.  
 Who knows what hazards thy delay may bring?  
 Woman's a various and a changeful thing.  
 Thus Hermes in the dream; then took his flight,  
 Aloft in air unseen; and mix'd with night.  
 Twice warn'd by the celestial messenger,  
 The pious prince arose with hasty fear:  
 Then rous'd his drowsy train without delay,  
 Haste to your barks; your crooked anchors weigh? }  
 And spread your flying sails, and stand to sea. }  
 A God commands; he stood before my sight;  
 And urg'd us once again to speedy flight.  
 O sacred pow'r, what pow'r foe'er thou art,  
 To thy blest'd orders I resign my heart:  
 Lead thou the way; protect thy Trojan bands;  
 And prosper the design thy will commands.  
 He said, and drawing forth his flaming sword,  
 His thund'ring arm divides the many twisted cord:  
 An emulating zeal inspires his train;  
 They run, they snatch; they rush into the main.  
 With headlong haste they leave the desert shores,  
 And brush the liquid seas with lab'ring oars.

Aurora

Aurora now had left her saffron bed,  
 And beams of early light the heav'ns o'erspread,  
 When from a tow'r the queen, with wakeful eyes,  
 Saw day point upward from the rosy skies :—  
 She look'd to seaward, but the sea was void,  
 And scarce in ken the sailing ships descry'd :  
 Stung with despight, and furious with despair,  
 She struck her trembling breast, and tore her hair.  
 And shall th' ungrateful traitor go, she said ;  
 My land forsaken, and my love betray'd ?  
 Shall we not arm, nor rush from ev'ry street,  
 To follow, sink, and burn his perjur'd fleet ?  
 Haste, haul my gallies out, pursue the foe :  
 Bring flaming brands, set sail and swiftly row.  
 What have I said ? Where am I ? Fury turns  
 My brain ; and my distemper'd bosom burns.  
 Then, when I gave my person and my throne,  
 This hate, this rage, had been more timely shown.  
 See now the promis'd faith, the vaunted name,  
 The pious man, who rushing through the flame,  
 Preserv'd his Gods, and to the Phrygian shore  
 The burthen of his feeble father bore !  
 I should have torn him piece-meal ; strow'd in floods  
 His scatter'd limbs, or left expos'd in woods :  
 Destroy'd his friends and son : and from the fire  
 Have set the reeking boy before the fire.

Events



Events are doubtful, which on battle wait ;  
 Yet where's the doubt, to souls secure of fate !  
 My Tyrians, at their injur'd queen's command,  
 Had tofs'd their fires amid the Trojan band :  
 At once extinguish'd all the faithless name ;  
 And I myself, in vengeance of my shame,  
 Had fall'n upon the pile to mend the fun'ral flame. }  
 Thou sun, who view'st at once the world below ;  
 Thou Juno, guardian of the nuptial vow ;  
 Thou Hecate, hearken from thy dark abodes ;  
 Ye furies, fiends, and violated Gods ;  
 All pow'rs invoc'd with Dido's dying breath,  
 Attend her curses, and avenge her death.  
 If so the fates ordain, and Jove commands,  
 Th' ungrateful wretch should find the Latian lands,  
 Yet let a race untam'd, and haughty foes ,  
 His peaceful entrance with dire arms oppose ;  
 Oppress'd with numbers in th' unequal field,  
 His men discourag'd, and himself expell'd,  
 Let him for succour sue from place to place,  
 Torn from his subjects, and his son's embrace :  
 First let him see his friends in battle slain ;  
 And their untimely fate lament in vain :  
 And when, at length, the cruel war shall cease ;  
 On hard conditions may he buy his peace.

Nor

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Nor let him then enjoy supreme command;  
 But fall untimely, by some hostile hand:  
 And lie unbury'd on the barren sand.  
 These are my pray'rs, and this my dying will:  
 And you, my Tyrians, ev'ry curse fulfil.  
 Perpetual hate, and mortal wars proclaim,  
 Against the prince, the people, and the name.  
 These grateful off'rings on my grave bestow;  
 Nor league, nor love, the hostile nations know:  
 Now, and from hence in ev'ry future age,  
 When rage excites your arms, and strength supplies  
                   the rage:

Rise some avenger of our Lybian blood,  
 With fire and sword pursue the perjur'd brood:  
 Our arms, our seas, our shores, oppos'd to theirs,  
 And the same hate descend on all our heirs.

This said, within her anxious mind she weighs  
 The means of cutting short her odious days:  
 Then to Sichæus' nurse she briefly said,  
 (For when she left her country, hers was dead)  
 Go Barce, call my sister; let her care  
 The solemn rites of sacrifice prepare:  
 The sheep, and all th' atoneing off'rings bring;  
 Sprinkling her body from the crystal spring  
 With living drops: then let her come, and thou  
 With sacred fillets bind thy hoary brow.

Thus

Thus will I pay my vows to Stygian Jove;  
And end the cares of my disastrous love.  
Then cast the Trojan image on the fire;  
And as that burns, my passion shall expire.

The nurse moves onward, with officious care,  
And all the speed her aged limbs can bear.  
But furious Dido, with dark thoughts involv'd,  
Shook at the mighty mischief she resolv'd.  
With livid spots distinguish'd was her face,  
Red were her rolling eyes, and discompos'd her pace:  
Ghastly she gaz'd, with pain she drew her breath,  
And nature shiver'd at approaching death.

Then swiftly to the fatal place she pass'd;  
And mounts the fun'ral pile, with furious haste.  
Unsheaths the sword the Trojan left behind,  
(Not for so dire an enterprize design'd.)  
But when she view'd the garments loosely spread,  
Which once he wore, and saw the conscious bed,  
She paus'd, and, with a sigh, the robes embrac'd;  
Then on the couch her trembling body cast,  
Repress'd the ready tears, and spoke her last. }  
Dear pledges of my love, while heav'n so pleas'd,  
Receive a soul, of mortal anguish eas'd:  
My fatal course is finish'd; and I go  
A glorious name, among the ghosts below.  
A lofty city by my hands is rais'd;  
Pygmalion punish'd, and my lord appeas'd.

138 POEMS FOR YOUNG LADIES.

What cou'd my fortune have afforded more,  
 Had the false Trojan never touch'd my shore !  
 Then kiss'd the couch ; and must I die, she said ;  
 And unreveng'd ? 'tis doubly to be dead !  
 Yet ev'n this death with pleasure I receive ;  
 On any terms, 'tis better than to live.  
 These flames, from far, may the false Trojan view ;  
 These boding omens his base flight pursue.  
 She said, and struck : deep enter'd in her side  
 The piercing steel, with reeking purple dy'd :  
 Clogg'd in the wound the cruel weapon stands ;  
 The spouting blood came streaming on her hands.  
 Her sad attendants saw the deadly stroke,  
 And with loud cries the sounding palace shook.  
 Distracted from the fatal fight they fled ;  
 And through the town the dismal rumour spread.  
 First from the frightened court, the yell began,  
 Redoubled thence from house to house it ran :  
 The groans of men, with shrieks, laments, and cries  
 Of mixing women, mount the vaulted skies.  
 Not less the clamour, than if ancient Tyre,  
 Or the new Carthage, set by foes on fire,  
 The rolling ruin, with their lov'd abodes,  
 Involv'd the blazing temples of their Gods.  
 Her sister hears, and furious with despair,  
 She beats her breast, and, rends her yellow hair :

And

And calling on Eliza's name aloud,  
 Runs breathless to the place, and breaks the crowd.  
 Was all that pomp of woe for this prepar'd,  
 These fires, this fun'ral pile, these altars rear'd;  
 Was all this train of plots contriv'd, said she,  
 All only to deceive unhappy me?  
 Which is the worst? didst thou in death pretend  
 To scorn thy sister, or delude thy friend!  
 Thy summon'd sister, and thy friend had come:  
 One sword had serv'd us both, one common tomb.  
 Was I to raise the pile, the pow'rs invoke,  
 Not to be present at the fatal stroke?  
 At once thou hast destroyed thyself and me;  
 Thy town, thy senate, and thy colony!  
 Bring water, bathe the wound; while I in death  
 Lay close my lips to her's, and catch the flying breath.  
 This said, she mounts the pile with eager haste;  
 And in her arms the gasping queen embrac'd:  
 Her temples chaf'd; and her own garments tore  
 To staunch the streaming blood, and cleanse the gore.  
 Thrice Dido try'd to raise her drooping head,  
 And fainting thrice, fell grov'ling on the bed.  
 Thrice op'd her heavy eyes, and saw the light,  
 But having found it, sicken'd at the sight;  
 And clos'd her lids at last, in endless night. }  
 Then Juno, grieving that she should sustain  
 A death so lingering, and so full of pain;



140 POEMS FOR YOUNG LADIES.

Sent Iris down, to free her from the strife  
 Of lab'ring nature, and dissolve her life.  
 For since she dy'd, not doom'd by heav'n's decree,  
 Or her own crime; but human casualty,  
 And rage of love, that plung'd her in despair,  
 The sisters had not cut the topmost hair,  
 Which Proserpine, and they can only know;  
 Nor made her sacred to the shades below.  
 Downward the various goddesses took her flight;  
 And drew a thousand colours from the light:  
 Then stood above the dying lover's head,  
 And said, I thus devote thee to the dead.  
 This off'ring to th' infernal Gods I bear:  
 Thus while she spoke, she cut the fatal hair;  
 The struggling soul was loos'd, and life dissolv'd in air. }

THE STORY OF NARCISSUS, FROM OVID.

TRANSLATED BY MR ADDISON.

THUS did the nymph in vain care for the boy,  
 He still was lovely, but he still was coy;  
 When one fair virgin of the slighted train  
 Thus pray'd the Gods, provok'd by his disdain, }  
 "Oh may he love like me, and love like me in vain!" }  
 Rhamnusia pity'd the neglected fair,  
 And with just vengeance answer'd to her pray'r.  
 There

There stands a fountain in a darksome wood,  
 Nor stain'd with falling leaves nor rising mud;  
 Untroubled by the breath of winds it rests,  
 Unsoil'd by the touch of men or beasts;  
 High bow'rs of shady trees above it grow,  
 And rising grass and chearful greens below.  
 Pleas'd with the form and coolness of the place,  
 And over-heated by the morning chace,  
 Narcissus on the grassy verdure lies:  
 But whilst within the crystal fount he tries  
 To quench his heat, he feels new heats arise.  
 For as his own bright image he survey'd,  
 He fell in love with the fantastic shade;  
 And o'er the fair resemblance hung unmov'd,  
 Nor knew, fond youth! it was himself he lov'd.  
 The well-turn'd neck and shoulders he descries,  
 The spacious forehead, and the sparkling eyes;  
 The hands that Bacchus might not scorn to show,  
 And hair that round Apollo's head might flow;  
 With all the purple youthfulness of face,  
 That gently blushes in the wat'ry glass.  
 By his own flames consum'd the lover lies,  
 And gives himself the wound by which he dies.  
 To the cold water oft he joins his lips,  
 Oft catching at the beauteous shape he dips  
 His arms, as often from himself he slips.

Nor

142 POEMS FOR YOUNG LADIES.

Nor knows he who it is his arms pursue  
 With eager clasps, but loves he knows not who.  
 What could, fond youth, this helpless passion move?  
 What kindled in thee this unpity'd love?  
 Thy own warm blush within the water glows,  
 With thee the colour'd shadow comes and goes,  
 Its empty being on thyself relies;  
 Step thou aside, and the frail charmer dies.

Still o'er the fountain's wat'ry gleam he stood,  
 Mindless of sleep, and negligent of food;  
 Still view'd his face, and languish'd as he view'd. }  
 At length he rais'd his head, and thus began  
 To vent his griefs, and tell the woods his pain.  
 " You trees, says he, and thou surrounding grove,  
 Who oft have been the kindly scenes of love,  
 Tell me, if e'er within your shades did lie  
 A youth so tortur'd, so perplex'd as I?  
 I, who before me see the charming fair,  
 Whilst there he stands, and yet he stands not there:  
 In such a maze of love my thoughts are lost:  
 And yet no bulwark'd town, nor distant coast,  
 Preserves the beauteous youth from being seen,  
 No mountains rise, nor oceans flow between.  
 A shallow water hinders my embrace;  
 And yet the lovely mimic wears a face  
 That kindly smiles, and when I bend to join  
 My lips to his, he fondly bends to mine.

Hear,

Hear, gentle youth, and pity my complaint,  
 Come from thy well, thou fair inhabitant.  
 My charms an easy conquest have obtain'd  
 O'er other hearts, by thee alone disdain'd.  
 But why should I despair? I'm sure he burns  
 With equal flames, and languishes by turns.  
 Whene'er I stoop, he offers at a kiss,  
 And when my arms I stretch, he stretches his.  
 His eyes with pleasure on my face he keeps,  
 He smiles my smiles, and when I weep he weeps.  
 Whene'er I speak, his moving lips appear  
 To utter something which I cannot hear.

"Ah wretched me! I now begin too late  
 To find out all the long-perplex'd deceit;  
 It is myself I love, myself I see;  
 The gay delusion is a part of me.  
 I kindle up the fires by which I burn,  
 And my own beauties from the well return.  
 Whom should I court? how utter my complaint?  
 Enjoyment but produces my restraint,  
 And too much plenty makes me die for want.  
 How gladly would I from myself remove!  
 And at a distance set the thing I love.  
 My breast is warm'd with such unusual fire,  
 I wish him absent whom I most desire.  
 And now I faint with grief; my fate draws nigh;  
 In all the pride of blooming youth I die:

Death

Death will the sorrows of my heart relieve.

O might the visionary youth survive,

I should with joy my latest breath resign !

But oh ! I see his fate involved in mine."

This said, the weeping youth again return'd

To the clear fountain, where again he burn'd ;

His tears defac'd the surface of the well,

With circle after circle as they fell :

And now the lovely face but half appears,

O'er-run with wrinkles, and deform'd with tears.

" Ah whither, cries Narcissus dost thou fly ?

Let me still feed the flame by which I die ;

Let me still see, though I'm no further blest."

Then rends his garment off, and beats his breast ;

His naked bosom redden'd with the blow,

In such a blush as purple clusters show,

Ere yet the sun's autumnal heats refine

Their sprightly juice, and mellow it to wine.

The glowing beauties of his breast he spies,

And with a new redoubled passion dies.

As wax dissolves, as ice begins to run,

And trickle into drops before the sun,

So melts the youth, and languishes away :

His beauty withers, and his limbs decay,

And none of those attractive charms remain,

To which the slighted echo su'd in vain.

She



She saw him in his present misery,  
 Whom, spite of all her wrongs, she griev'd to see.  
 She answer'd sadly to the lover's moan,  
 Sigh'd back his sighs, and groan'd to ev'ry groan:  
 "Ah youth! belov'd in vain," Narcissus cries;  
 "Ah youth! belov'd in vain," the nymph replies.  
 "Farewel," says he; the parting sound scarce fell  
 From his faint lips, but she reply'd, "Farewel."  
 Then on th' unwholsome earth he gasping lies,  
 Till death shuts up those self-admiring eyes.  
 To the cold shades his flitting ghost retires,  
 And in the Stygian waves itself admires.

For him the Naiads and the Dryads mourn,  
 Whom the sad echo answers in her turn;  
 And now the sister nymphs prepare his urn:  
 When, looking for his corps, they only found  
 A rising stalk, with yellow blossoms crown'd.

---

THE STORY OF

CEYX AND ALCYONE,

FROM OVID.

TRANSLATED BY MR DRYDEN.

THESE prodigies affect the pious prince;  
 But more perplex'd with those that happen'd since,

## 146 POEMS FOR YOUNG LADIES.

He purpofes to feek the Clarian God,  
 Avoiding Delphi, his more fam'd abode,  
 Since Phrygian robbers made unfafe the road,  
 Yet could he not from her he lov'd fo well,  
 The fatal voyage, he resolv'd, conceal;  
 But when ſhe ſaw her Lord prepar'd to part,  
 A deadly cold ran ſhiv'ring to her heart;  
 Her faded cheeks are chang'd to boxen hue,  
 And in her eyes the tears are ever new.  
 She thrice eſſay'd to ſpeak; her accents hung,  
 And falt'ring dy'd unfiniſh'd on her tongue,  
 Or vaniſh'd into fighs: with long delay  
 Her voice return'd and found the wonted way.

Tell me, my Lord, ſhe ſaid, what fault unknown  
 Thy once belov'd Alcyone has done?  
 Whither, ah, whither, is thy kindneſs gone!  
 Can Ceyx then ſuſtain to leave his wife,  
 And unconcern'd forſake the ſweets of life?  
 What can thy mind to this long journey move?  
 Or need'ſt thou abſence to renew thy love?  
 Yet if thou go'ſt by land, though grief poſſeſs  
 My ſoul ev'n then, my fears will be the leſs.  
 But ah! be warn'd to ſhun the watry way,  
 The face is frightful of the ſtormy ſea:  
 For late I ſaw a-drift diſjointed planks,  
 And empty tombs erected on the banks.

Nor

Nor let false hopes to trust betray thy mind,  
 Because my fire in caves constrains the wind,  
 Can with a breath their clam'rous rage appease;  
 They fear his whistle, and forsake the seas;  
 Not so; for once indulg'd they sweep the main;  
 Deaf to the call, or hearing, hear in vain;  
 But bent on mischief bear the waves before,  
 And not content with seas, insult the shore,  
 When ocean, air, and earth at once engage,  
 And rooted forests fly before their rage:  
 At once the clashing clouds to battle move,  
 And lightnings run across the fields above:  
 I know them well, and mark'd their rude comport,  
 While yet a child within my father's court:  
 In times of tempests they command alone,  
 And he but sits precarious on the throne:  
 The more I know, the more my fears augment;  
 And fears are oft prophetic of th' event.  
 But if not fears, or reasons will prevail,  
 If fate has fix'd thee obstinate to fail,  
 Go not without thy wife, but let me bear  
 My part of danger with an equal share  
 And present, what I suffer only fear:  
 Then o'er the bounding billows shall we fly;  
 Secure to live together, or to die.

These reasons mov'd her starlike husband's heart,  
 But still he held his purpose to depart:

148 POEMS FOR YOUNG LADIES.

For as he lov'd her equal to his life,  
 He would not to the seas expose his wife;  
 Nor could be wrought his voyage to refrain,  
 But fought by arguments to sooth her pain:  
 Nor these avail'd; at length he lights on one,  
 With which so difficult a cause he won:  
 My love, so short an absence cease to fear,  
 For by my father's holy flame I swear,  
 Before two moons their orb with light adorn,  
 If heav'n allow me life, I will return.

This promise of so short a stay prevails;  
 He soon equips the ship, supplies the sails,  
 And gives the word to launch; she trembling views  
 This pomp of death, and parting tears renews:  
 Last with a kiss she took a long farewell,  
 Sigh'd with a sad presage, and swooning fell:  
 While Ceyx seeks delays, the lusty crew,  
 Rais'd on their banks, their oars in order drew  
 To their broad breasts, the ship with fury flew. }

The queen recover'd, rears her humid eyes,  
 And first her husband on the poop espies,  
 Shaking his hand at distance on the main;  
 She took the sign, and shook her hand again.  
 Still as the ground recedes, contracts her view  
 With sharpen'd sight, 'till she no longer knew  
 The much lov'd face; that comfort lost supplies  
 With less, and with the galley feeds her eyes:

The

The galley borne from view by rising gales,  
She follow'd with her fight the flying sails:  
When ev'n the flying sails were seen no more,  
Forfaken of all fight she left the shore.

Then on her bridal bed her body throws,  
And sought in sleep her wearied eyes to close:  
Her husband's pillow, and the widow'd part  
Which once he press'd, renew'd the former smart.

And now a breeze from shore began to blow,  
The sailors ship their oars, and cease to row;  
Then hoist their yards a-trip, and all their sails  
Let fall, to court the wind, and catch the gales:  
By this the vessel half her course had run;  
And as much rested 'till the rising sun;  
Both shores were lost to sight, when at the close  
Of day a stiffer gale at East arose:  
The sea grew white, the rolling waves from far,  
Like heralds, first denounce the watry war.

This seen the master soon began to cry,  
Strike, strike the top-sail; let the main sheet fly,  
And furl your sails: the winds repel the sound,  
And in the speaker's mouth the speech is drown'd.  
Yet of their own accord, as danger taught  
Each in his way, officiously they wrought:  
Some stow their oars, or stop the leaky sides,  
Another bolder yet the yard bestrides,

And



156 POEMS FOR YOUNG LADIES.

And folds the sails; a fourth with labour laves  
Th' intruding seas, and waves ejects on waves.

In this confusion while their work they ply,  
The winds augment the winter of the sky,  
And wage intestine wars; the suff'ring seas  
Are toss'd, and mingled, as their tyrants please.  
The master would command, but in despair  
Of safety, stands amaz'd with stupid care;  
Nor what to bid, or what forbid he knows,  
Th' ungovern'd tempest to such fury grows:  
Vain is his force, and vainer is his skill;  
With such a concourse comes the flood of ill;  
The cries of men are mix'd with rattling throwds;  
Seas dash on seas, and clouds encounter clouds:  
At once from East to West, from pole to pole,  
The forky lightnings flash, the roaring thunders roll.

Now waves on waves ascending scale the skies,  
And in the fires above the water fries:  
When yellow sands are sifted from below,  
The glittering billows give a golden show:  
And when the fouler bottom spews the black,  
The stygian dye the tainted waters take:  
Then frothy white appear the flatted seas,  
And change their colour, changing their disease,  
Like various fits the Trachin vessel finds:  
And now sublime, she rides upon the winds;

As

As from a lofty summit looks from high,  
 And from the clouds beholds the nether sky;  
 Now from the depth of hell they lift their sight,  
 And at a distance see superior light;  
 The lashing billows make a loud report,  
 And beat her sides, as batt'ring rams a fort:  
 Or as a lion bounding in his way,  
 With force augmented, bears against his prey.  
 Sidelong to seize; or unappall'd with fear,  
 Springs on the toils, and rushes on the spear:  
 So seas impell'd by winds, with added pow'r  
 Assault the sides, and o'er the hatches tow'r.

The planks (their pitchy cov'rings wash'd away)  
 Now yield; and now a yawning breach display:  
 The roaring waters with a hostile tide  
 Rush through the ruins of her gaping side.  
 Meantime in sheets of rain the sky descends,  
 And ocean swell'd with waters upwards tends;  
 One rising, falling one, the heav'ns and sea  
 Meet at their confines, in the middle way:  
 The sails are drunk with show'rs, and drop with rain,  
 Sweet waters mingle with the briny main.  
 No star appears to lend his friendly light;  
 Darkness and tempest make a double night;  
 But flashing fires disclose the deep by turns,  
 And while the lightnings blaze, the water burns.

No:

## 152 POEMS FOR YOUNG LADIES.

Now all the waves their scatter'd force unite;  
 And as a soldier foremost in the fight,  
 Makes way for others, and an host alone  
 Still presses on, and urging gains the town;  
 So while th' invading billows come a breast,  
 The hero tenth advanc'd before the rest,  
 Sweeps all before him with impetuous sway,  
 And from the walls descends upon the prey;  
 Part following enter, part remain without,  
 With envy hear their fellows conqu'ring shout,  
 And mount on others backs, in hopes to share  
 The city, thus become the seat of war.

An universal cry resounds aloud,  
 The sailors run in heaps, a helpless crowd;  
 Art fails, and courage falls, no succour near;  
 As many waves, as many deaths appear.  
 One weeps, and yet despairs of late relief;  
 One cannot weep, his fears congeal his grief,  
 But stupid with dry eyes expects his fate:  
 One with loud shrieks laments his lost estate  
 And calls those happy whom their fun'erals wait. }  
 This wretch with pray'rs and vows the Gods implores,  
 And ev'n the skies he cannot see, adores.  
 'That other on his friends his thoughts bestows,  
 His careful father, and his faithful spouse.  
 The covetous worldling in his anxious mind,  
 Thinks only on the wealth he left behind.

All

All Ceyx his Alcyone employs,  
 For her he grieves, yet in her absence joys;  
 His wife he wishes, and would still be near,  
 Not her with him, but wishes him with her:  
 Now with last looks he seeks his native shore,  
 Which fate has destin'd him to see no more;  
 He fought, but in the dark tempestuous night  
 He knew not whither to direct his fight.  
 So whirl the seas, such darkness blinds the sky,  
 That the black night receives a deeper dye.

The giddy ship ran round; the tempest tore  
 Her mast, and over-board the rudder bore.  
 One billow mounts, and with a scornful brow,  
 Proud of her conquest gain'd, insults the waves below;  
 Nor lighter falls, than if some giant tore  
 Pindus and Athos with the freight they bore,  
 And tofs'd on seas; press'd with the pond'rous blow,  
 Down sinks the ship within the abyss below:  
 Down with the vessel sink into the main  
 The many, never more to rise again.  
 Some few on scatter'd planks with fruitless care,  
 Lay hold, and swim; but while they swim despair,  
 Ev'n he who late a sceptre did command,  
 Now grasps a floating fragment in his hand:  
 And while he struggles on the stormy main,  
 Invokes his father, and his wife, in vain.

154 POEMS FOR YOUNG LADIES.

But yet his confort is his greatest care,  
 Alcyone he names amidst his pray'r;  
 Names as a charm against the waves and wind:  
 Most in his mouth, and ever in his mind.  
 Tir'd with his toil, all hopes of safety past,  
 From pray'rs to wishes he descends at last;  
 That his dead body, wafted to the sands,  
 Might have its burial from her friendly hands.  
 As oft as he can catch a gulp of air,  
 And peep above the seas, he names the fair:  
 And ev'n when plung'd beneath, on her he raves,  
 Murm'ring Alcyone below the waves:  
 At last a falling billow stops his breath,  
 Breaks o'er his head, and whelms him underneath.  
 Bright Lucifer unlike himself appears  
 That night, his heav'nly form obscur'd with tears;  
 And since he was forbid to leave the skies,  
 He muffled with a cloud his mournful eyes.

Mean-time Alcyone (his fate unknown)  
 Computes how many nights he had been gone.  
 Observes the waning moon with hourly view,  
 Numbers her age, and wishes for a new;  
 Against the promis'd time provides with care,  
 And hastens in the woof the robes he was to wear:  
 And for herself employs another loom,  
 New-dress to meet her Lord returning home,  
 Flatt'ring her heart with joys, that never were to  
 come:

}  
 She



She fum'd the temples with an od'rous flame,  
And oft before the sacred altars came,  
To pray for him, who was an empty name.  
All pow'rs implor'd, but far above the rest  
To Juno she her pious vows address'd,  
Her much-lov'd lord from perils to protect:  
And safe o'er seas his voyage to direct:  
Then pray'd, that she might still possess his heart,  
And no pretending rival share a part;  
This last petition heard of all her pray'r,  
The rest, dispers'd by winds, were lost in air.

But she, the goddess of the nuptial bed,  
Tir'd with her vain devotions for the dead,  
Resolv'd the tainted hand should be repell'd,  
Which incense offer'd, and her altar held:  
Then Iris thus bespoke: thou faithful maid,  
By whom thy queen's commands are well convey'd,  
Haste to the house of sleep, and bid the God  
Who rules the night by visions with a nod,  
Prepare a dream, in figure, and in form  
Resembling him who perish'd in the storm:  
This form before Alcyone present,  
To make her certain of the sad event.

Indu'd with robes of various hue she flies,  
And flying draws an arch, (a segment of the skies)  
Then leaves her bending bow, and from the steep  
Descends, to search the silent house of sleep.

BAUCIS AND PHILEMON.

Imitated from the Eighth Book of Ovid.

By Dean SWIFT.

**I**N ancient times, as story tells,  
The fairs would often leave their cells,  
And stroll about, but hide their quality,  
To try good people's hospitality.

It happen'd on a winter night,  
As authors of the legend write,  
Two brother hermits, fairs by trade,  
Taking their tour in masquerade,  
Disguis'd in tatter'd habits, went  
To a small village down in Kent;  
Where, in the stroller's canting strain,  
They begg'd from door to door in vain,  
Try'd ev'ry tone might pity win;  
But not a soul would let them in.  
Our wand'ring fairs in woeful state,  
Treated at this ungodly rate,  
Having through all the village pass'd,  
To a small cottage came at last;  
Where dwelt a good old honest ye'man,  
Call'd in the neighbourhood Philemon,

Who

Who kindly did these faints invite  
 In his poor hut to pass the night;  
 And then the hospitable fire  
 Bid good Baucis mend the fire;  
 While he from out the chimney took  
 A flitch of bacon off the hook,  
 And freely from the fattest side  
 Cut out large slices to be fry'd;  
 Then stepp'd aside to fetch 'em drink,  
 Fill'd a large jug up to the brink,  
 And saw it fairly twice go round;  
 Yet (what is wonderful!) they found  
 'Twas still replenish'd to the top,  
 As if they had not touch'd a drop.  
 The good old couple were amaz'd,  
 And often on each other gaz'd;  
 For both were frighten'd to the heart,  
 And just began to cry,—What ar't!  
 Then softly turn'd aside to view  
 Whether the lights were burning blue.  
 The gentle pilgrims, soon aware on't,  
 Told them their calling, and their errant;  
 Good folks, you need not be afraid,  
 We are but faints, the hermits said;  
 No hurt shall come to you or yours;  
 But for the pack of churlish boors,

Not

Not fit to live on christian ground,  
They and their houses shall be drown'd;  
Whilst you shall see your cottage rise,  
And grow a church before your eyes.  
They scarce had spoke when fair and soft  
The roof began to mount aloft;  
Aloft rose ev'ry beam and rafter;  
The heavy wall climb'd slowly after.

The chimney widen'd, and grew higher,  
Became a steeple with a spire.

The kettle to the top was hoist,  
And there stood fasten'd to a joist,  
But with the upside down, to show  
Its inclination for below:  
In vain; for a superior force  
Apply'd at bottom stops its course:  
Doom'd every in suspense to dwell,  
'Tis now no kettle, but a bell.

A wooden jack, which had almost  
Lost by disuse the art to roast,  
A sudden alteration feels,  
Increas'd by new intestine wheels;  
And, what exalts the wonder more,  
The number made the motion flow'r.  
The flyer, though 't had leaden feet,  
Turn'd round so quick, you scarce could see't;

But,

But, slacken'd by some secret pow'r,  
 Now hardly moves an inch an hour.  
 The jack and chimney, near ally'd,  
 Had never left each other's side :  
 The chimney to a steeple grown,  
 The jack would not be left alone ;  
 But, up against the steeple rear'd,  
 Became a clock, and still adher'd ;  
 And still its love to household cares,  
 By a shrill voice at noon declares,  
 Warning the cook-maid not to burn  
 That roast-meat, which it cannot turn.  
 The groaning-chair began to crawl,  
 Like a huge snail, along, the wall ;  
 There stuck aloft in public view,  
 And, with small change, a pulpit grew.

The porringers, that in a row  
 Hung high, and made a glitt'ring show,  
 To a less noble substance chang'd,  
 Were now but leathern buckets rang'd.

The ballads pasted on the wall,  
 Of Joan of France, and English Moll,  
 Fair Rosamond, and Robin Hood,  
 The Little children in the wood,  
 Now seem'd to look abundance better,  
 Improv'd in picture, size, and letter ;

And



And, high in order plac'd, describe  
The heraldry of ev'ry tribe.

A bedstead of the antique mode,  
Compact of timber many a load,  
Such as our ancestors did use,  
Was metamorphos'd into pews;  
Which still their ancient nature keep  
By lodging folks dispos'd to sleep.  
The cottage by such feats as these  
Grown to a church by just degrees,  
The hermits then desir'd their host  
To ask for what he fancy'd most.  
Philemon, having paus'd a while,  
Return'd 'em thanks in homely style;  
Then said, my house is grown so fine,  
Methinks, I still would call it mine:  
I'm old, and fain would live at ease;  
Make me the parson, if you please.

He spoke; and presently he feels  
His grazier's coat fall down his heels;  
He sees, yet hardly can believe,  
About each arm a pudding-fleeve;  
His waistcoat to a cassock grew,  
And both assum'd a sable hue;  
But, being old, continued just  
As thread bare, and as full of dust.

His

His talk was now of tythes and dues ;  
 He smok'd his pipe, and read the news ;  
 Knew how to preach old sermons next,  
 Vamp'd in the preface and the text ;  
 At christ'nings well could act his part,  
 And had the service all by heart ;  
 Wish'd women might have children fast,  
 And thought whose sow had farrow'd last ;  
 Against Dissenters would repine,  
 And stood up firm for Right Divine ;  
 Found his head fill'd with many a system :  
 But classic authors,—he ne'er mis'd 'em.

Thus having furbish'd up a parson,  
 Dame Baucis they next play'd their farce on,  
 Instead of home-spun coifs, were seen  
 Good pinners edg'd with colberteen ;  
 Her petticoat, transform'd a-pace,  
 Became black fatten flounc'd with lace  
 Plain goody would no longer down ;  
 'Twas madam, in her grogram gown,  
 Philemon was in great surprise,  
 And hardly could believe his eyes,  
 Amaz'd to see her look so prim ;  
 And she admir'd as much at him.

Thus happy in their change of life  
 Were sev'ral years this man and wife ;

When on a day which prov'd their last,  
 Discourfing o'er old ftories paft,  
 They went by chance amidft their talk  
 To the church yard to take a walk;  
 When Baucis haftily cry'd out,  
 My dear, I fee your forehead fprout!  
 Sprout! quoth the man; what's this you tell us?  
 I hope you don't believe me jealous:  
 But yet, methinks, I feel it true;  
 And really yours is budding too——  
 Nay,—now I cannot ftir my foot;  
 It feels as if 'twere taking root.

Defcription would but tire my mufe;  
 In fhort, they both were turn'd to yiews.

Old goodman Dobfon of the green;  
 Remembers he the trees has feen;  
 He'll talk of them from noon till night,  
 And goes with folks to fhew the fight;  
 On Sundays, after ev'ning pray'r,  
 He gathers all the parifh there;  
 Points out the place of either yew;  
 Here Baucis, there Philemon grew:  
 Till once a parfon of our town  
 To mend his barn cut Baucis down;  
 At which 'tis hard to be believ'd  
 How much the other tree was griev'd,

Grew

Grew scrubby, dy'd a-top, was stunted;  
So the next parson stubb'd and burnt it.

---

THE STORY OF

TERIBAZUS AND ARIANA.

BY MR GLOVER.

AMID the vain of Persia was a youth  
Nam'd Teribazus, not for golden stores,  
Nor for wide pastures, travers'd o'er with herds,  
With bleating thousands, or with bounding steeds,  
Nor yet for pow'r, nor splendid honours fam'd.  
Rich was his mind in ev'ry art divine,  
And through the paths of science had he walk'd  
The votary of wisdom. In the years,  
When tender down invests the ruddy cheek,  
He with the Magi turn'd the hallow'd page  
Of Zoroastres; then his tow'ring soul  
High on the plumes of contemplation soar'd,  
And from the lofty Babylonian fane  
With learn'd Chaldæans trac'd the mystic sphere;  
There number'd o'er the vivid fires, that gleam  
Upon the dusky bosom of the night.  
Nor on the sands of Ganges were unheard  
The Indian sages from sequester'd bow'rs,

164 POEMS FOR YOUNG LADIES.

While, as attention wonder'd, they disclos'd  
 The pow'rs of nature; whether in the woods,  
 The fruitful glebe, or flow'r, or healing plant,  
 The limpid waters, or the ambient air,  
 Or in the purer element of fire.  
 The fertile plains, where great Sesostris reign'd,  
 Mysterious Ægypt, next the youth survey'd  
 From Elephantis, where impetuous Nile  
 Precipitates his waters, to the sea,  
 Which far below receives the sev'nfold stream.  
 Thence o'er th' Ionic coast he stray'd, nor pass'd  
 Miletus by, which once inraptur'd heard  
 The tongue of Thales; nor Prien's walls,  
 Where wisdom dwelt with Bias; nor the seat  
 Of Pittacus along the Lesbian shore.  
 Here too melodious numbers charm'd his ear,  
 Which flow'd from Orpheus, and Musæus old,  
 And thee, O father of immortal verse,  
 Mæonides, whose strains through ev'ry age  
 Time with his own eternal lip shall sing.  
 Back to his native Susa then he turn'd  
 His wandring steps. His merit soon was dear  
 To Hyperanthes generous and good.  
 And Ariana, from Darius sprung  
 With Hyperanthes, of th' imperial race,  
 Which rul'd th' extent of Asia, in disdain  
 Of all her greatness oft an humble ear

To



To him would bend, and listen to his voice.  
 Her charms, her mind, her virtue he explor'd  
 Admiring. Soon was admiration chang'd  
 To love, nor lov'd he sooner, than despair'd.  
 But unreveal'd and silent was his pain ;  
 Nor yet in solitary shades he roam'd,  
 Nor shun'd resort : but o'er his sorrows cast  
 A sickly dawn of gladness, and in smiles  
 Conceal'd his anguish ; while the secret flame  
 Rag'd in his bosom, and its peace consum'd :  
 His heart still brooding o'er these mournful thoughts.

Can I, O wisdom, seek relief from thee,  
 Who dost approve my passion ? From the pow'r  
 Of beauty only thou wouldst guard my heart.  
 But here thyself art charm'd, where softness, grace,  
 And ev'ry virtue dignify desire ;  
 Yet thus to love despairing is to prove  
 The sharpest sorrow, which relentless fate  
 Can from her store of woes inflict on life :  
 But dost not thou this moment warn my soul  
 To fly the fatal charmer ? Do I pause ?  
 Back to the wise Chaldæans will I go,  
 Or wander on the Ganges ; where to heav'n  
 With thee my elevated soul shall tow'r,  
 With thee the secrets of the earth unveil.  
 There no tumultuous passion shall molest  
 My tranquil hours, and ev'ry thought be calm.

O wretch'd Teribazus ! all conspires  
 Against thy peace. Our mighty lord prepares  
 To overwhelm the Grecians. Ev'ry youth.  
 Attends the war, and I, who late have pois'd  
 With no inglorious arm the soldier's lance,  
 And near the side of Hyperanthes fought,  
 Must join the throng. How therefore can I fly  
 From Ariana ! who with Asia's queens  
 The splendid camp of Xerxes will adorn.  
 Then be it so. Again I will adore  
 Her gentle virtue. Her delightful tongue,  
 Her graceful sweetness shall again diffuse  
 Resistless magic through my ravish'd heart ;  
 And thus when love, with double rage inflam'd,  
 Swells to distraction in my tortur'd breast,  
 Then—but in vain through darkness do I search  
 My fate : despair and fortune be my guides.

The hour arriv'd, when Xerxes first advanced  
 His arms from Susa's gates. The Persian dames  
 (So were accustom'd all the eastern fair)  
 In sumptuous cars accompanied his march ;  
 And Ariana grac'd the beauteous train.  
 From morn till ev'ning Teribazus guards  
 Her passing wheels ; his arm her weight sustains  
 With trembling pleasure often, as she mounts  
 Th' imperial chariot ; his assiduous hand  
 From each pure fountain wafts the living flood :

Nor

Nor seldom by the fair one's soft command  
 Would he repose him, at her feet reclin'd,  
 While o'er his lips her lovely forehead bow'd,  
 Won with his grateful eloquence, that sooth'd  
 With sweet variety the tedious march,  
 Beguiling time. He too would then forget  
 His cares awhile, in raptures vain intranc'd,  
 Delusion all, and fleeting rays of joy,  
 Soon overcast with more intense despair;  
 Like wintry clouds, which op'ning for a time,  
 Tinge their black skirts with scatter'd beams of day;  
 Then, swiftly closing, on the brows of morn  
 Condense their horrors, and in thickest gloom  
 The ruddy beauty veil. Such woes oppress'd  
 The Persian's heart, not soften'd; for this day  
 His daring valour from the bleeding van  
 Oppos'd the frown of adamantinè Mars.  
 With no tiara were his temples bound,  
 The slender lance of Asia he disdain'd,  
 And her light target. Eminent he mov'd  
 In Grecian arms the wonder of his foes.  
 Among th' Ionians had his strenuous limbs  
 In war been practis'd. A resplendent casque  
 Flam'd on his head. Before his face and chest  
 Down to the knees his ample shield was spread.  
 A pond'rous ash with skillful hands he grasp'd.  
 Thus arm'd, tremendous in the front he stood.

Beneath

Beneath his might two Philasians died,  
 And three Tegeans, whose indignant chief,  
 Brave Hegesander, vengeance breath'd in vain,  
 With streaming wounds repuls'd. Thus far unmatch'd  
 His strength prevail'd, when Hyperanthes' voice  
 Recall'd his fainting legions. Now each band  
 Their languid courage reforc'd with rest.  
 Mean time with Teribazus thus confer'd  
 The godlike prince. Thou much deserving youth!  
 O had thy deeds with emulation warm'd  
 The frozen hearts of Persia, Greece had wept  
 Her prostrate ranks, nor triumph'd in our shame.  
 Relaxing now the wearied fight, I wait,  
 Till from the camp with Abradates strong  
 The brave Pharnuchus and Mazæus move,  
 And with fresh pow'rs renew the drooping war.  
 For since surpass'd in valour, we must waste  
 By endless numbers, and continual toil,  
 The matchless ardour of our gallant foes.

He said. Immers'd in sadness, scarce repñed,  
 But to himself thus plain'd the am'rous youth.

Still do I languish, mourning o'er the fame,  
 My arm acquires. O wretched heart! thou seat  
 Of constant sorrow, what deceitful smiles  
 Yet canst thou borrow from illusive hope  
 To flatter life. At Ariana's feet  
 What if with supplicating knees I bow'd,  
 Implor'd

Implor'd her pity, and reveal'd my love?  
 Wretch, canst thou climb to yon effulgent orb,  
 And share the splendours, which irradiate heav'n?  
 Dost thou aspire to that exalted maid,  
 Great Xerxes' sister, rivalling the hopes  
 Of Asia's purpled potentates and kings?  
 Unless within her bosom I inspir'd  
 A passion fervent as my own, nay more,  
 Such as might dissipate each virgin fear,  
 And unrestrain'd disclose its fond desire,  
 My hopes are fruitless. Plung'd in black despair,  
 He thus revolv'd, when suddenly the cries  
 Of Aribæus smote his pensive ear.  
 By mutual danger, and by friendship join'd,  
 They had been long companions in the toils  
 Of war. Together with victorious steps  
 The sons of Nile they chac'd, when Ægypt's pride  
 Before the arms of Hyperanthes fell.  
 Stretch'd on the plain, and cover'd o'er with wounds,  
 By all abandon'd, Teribazus views  
 His gallant friend. His languid soul awakes,  
 And forth he issues from the Persian line.  
 The bleeding warrior in his strong embrace  
 Swift he conveys. By indignation fir'd,  
 Fierce from the Grecians, Diophantus rush'd  
 With loud defiance. Teribazus leaves  
 His rescu'd friend. His massy targe he rears,



Advances high his formidable spear,  
 And turns intrepid on th' approaching foe.  
 Amazement follow'd. On he strode, and shook  
 The plumed honours of his shining crest.  
 Th' ill-fated Greek awaits th' unequal fight;  
 Pierc'd in the throat, with sounding arms he falls;  
 Through ev'ry band the Mantineans mourn,  
 Upon the slain the victor fix'd his sight,  
 And thus reflected. By thy splendid arms  
 Thou art a Greek of no ignoble rank,  
 And from thy fall perhaps am I adorn'd  
 With more conspicuous lustre. What if heav'n  
 Should add new victims, like thyself, to grace  
 My undeserving hand, who knows but she  
 Might smile upon my trophies? O! vain thought!  
 Disperse ye phantom hopes! too long, my heart,  
 Hast thou in vain contended with thy woes!  
 I stand this moment on the verge of life,  
 By fame invited, by despair impell'd  
 To pass the irremediable bound. No more  
 Shall Teribazus backward turn his steps,  
 But here decide his fate. Then beat no more,  
 Thou troubled heart, and ev'ry grief be still  
 Now at th' approach of everlasting peace.

He ended; when a mighty foe drew nigh;  
 Not less than Dithyrambus. Ere they join'd,  
 The Persian thus the Thespian youth address'd.

Say

Say, art not thou th' unconquerable Greek,  
 Whose dauntless valour mow'd our battle down,  
 And scatter'd nations? To attempt thy force  
 This day I purpos'd, when our chiefs from fight  
 Their host withdrew? That now my single arm  
 Thou deign'st to meet, receive my thanks; and know,  
 The thought of conquest less employs my mind,  
 Than that by thee I cannot fall with shame.

Heceas'd. These words the Thespian chief return'd.  
 Of all the praises from thy gen'rous mouth,  
 The only share, which justice bids me claim,  
 Is, that I here adventure to confront  
 Thy matchless strength. Believe not, that unmark'd  
 Were thy great deeds. From yon unbounded camp  
 None yet hath equall'd thy victorious hand.  
 But whence thy armour of the Grecian form?  
 Whence thy tall spear? thy helmet? whence the  
 weight

Of that strong shield unlike thy eastern friends?  
 O if thou be'st some fugitive, who, lost  
 To liberty and virtue, art become  
 A tyrant's vile stipendiary; with grief  
 That valour, thus triumphant, I behold,  
 Which after all its danger, and brave toil,  
 Deserves no honour from the gods, or men.

Here Teribazus with a sigh return'd.  
 I am to Greece a stranger, and a wretch

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To thee unknown, who seek, this hour, to die;  
Though not ignobly, but in death to raise  
My name from darknefs, while I end my woes.

The Grecian then. I view thee, and I mourn.  
A dignity, which virtue only bears,  
And resolution, on thy brow enthron'd  
(Though grief hath dim'd thy drooping eye) demand  
My veneration; and whatever be  
The malice of thy fortune, what the cares,  
Which thus infest thy quiet, they create  
Within my breast the pity of a friend:  
Why haft thou then compell'd me to oppose  
My arm againft thee, while thy might supports  
Th' unjust ambition of malignant kings,  
The foes to virtue, liberty, and peace?  
Yet free from rage, or enmity, I lift  
My adverfe javelin. Victory I ask,  
Thy life my fate for happier hours reserve.  
This faid, their beaming lances they protend,  
Of hostile hafte, or fury both devoid;  
As on the Isthmain, or Olympic fand  
For fame alone contending. Either hoft,  
Pois'd on their fpeers, in filent wonder gaz'd.  
The fight begins, when soon the Grecian lance,  
Which, all the day in constant battle worn,  
Unnumber'd fhields and corselets had transfix'd  
Againft the Perfian target, shiv'ring, breaks,

Its

Its master's hand disarming. Then began  
The sense of honour, and the dread of shame  
To swell in Dithyrambus. Undismay'd  
He grapples with the foe, and instant seiz'd  
The threatening javelin, ere th' uplifted arm  
Could execute the meditated wound.  
The weapon burst betwixt their struggling hands.  
They loose their grasp, and bare their shining swords.  
With equal swiftness to defend, or charge,  
Each active youth advances, or recedes.  
On ev'ry side they traverse, now direct,  
Obliquely now the wheeling blades descend.  
Still is the conflict dubious, when the Greek  
Dissembling points his falchion to the earth,  
His arm depress'd, as overcome with toil;  
While with his buckler cautious he repels  
The blows repeated from th' exulting foe.  
Greece trembles for her hero. Joy pervades  
The Asian ranks, and Hyperanthes strides  
Before the line, preparing to receive  
His friend triumphant. Teribazus now  
Press'd with redoubled efforts. Still the Greek  
Sustains th' assault, defensive, and at last,  
As with unguarded fury of his strokes  
Th' unwary Persian sideways swung his targe.  
The fatal moment Dithyrambus watch'd,  
And, darting forward with his feet outstretch'd,  
His

His falchion lies in th' obnoxious side.  
 Affection, grief, and terror wing the speed  
 Of Hyperanthes. From his bleeding foe  
 The Greek retires, not distant, and awaits  
 The eastern prince. But he with wat'ry cheeks,  
 And dumb with sorrow, clasps his dying friend,  
 From whose cold lip with interrupted phrase  
 These accents broke. O dearest, best of men !  
 My heart is fruitful with ten thousand thoughts  
 Of gratitude and love to thee ; but fate  
 Denies my voice the utterance. O my friend !  
 O Hyperanthes ! hear my tongue unfold,  
 What thou shouldst ne'er have known before this

When, as I open all my secret soul, [hour ;  
 I may at once retire, and veil my eyes  
 In endless night : nor thou presumption deem,  
 What with my dying breath I here divulge.  
 I love thy sister. With despair I lov'd,  
 And thence perhaps untimely is my date ;  
 Though, witness heav'n, without regret I bleed  
 With honour thus in Persia's fight and thine.

He ceas'd: th' inexorable hand of fate  
 Weigh'd down his eyelids, and the gloom of death  
 His fleeting fight eternally o'er shades.  
 Him on Choaspes o'er the blooming verge  
 His frantic mother shall bewail, and strew  
 Her silver tresses in the crystal tide ;

While



While all the shore re-echoes to the name  
Of Teribazus lost.

In fable pomp with all her starry train  
The night assum'd her throne. Recall'd from war,  
Her long-protracted labours Greece forgets,  
Dissolv'd in silent slumber; all but those,  
Who watch'd th' uncertain perils of the dark,  
An hundred warriors: Agis was their chief.  
High on the wall intent the hero sat,  
As o'er the surface of the tranquil main  
Along its undulating breast the wind  
The various din of Asia's host convey'd,  
In one deep murmur swelling in his ear:  
When, by the sound of footsteps down the pass  
Alarm'd, he calls aloud. What feet are those,  
Which beat the echoing pavement of the rock?  
With speed reply, nor tempt your instant fate.

He said, and thus return'd a voice unknown.  
Not with the feet of enemies we come,  
But crave admittance with a friendly tongue. [shade

The Spartan answers. Through the midnight  
What purpose draws your wand'ring steps abroad?

To whom the stranger. We are friends to Greece,  
And to the presence of the Spartan king  
Admission we implore. The cautious chief  
Of Lacedæmon hesitates again;

When

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When thus with accents musically sweet  
A tender voice his wond'ring ear allur'd.

O gen'rous Grecian, listen to the pray'r  
Of one distress'd ! whom grief alone hath led  
In this dark hour to these victorious tents,  
A wretched woman innocent of fraud.

The Greek descending through th' unfolded gates  
Upheld a flaming brand. One first appear'd  
In servile garb attir'd ; but near his side  
A woman graceful and majestic stood ;  
Not with an aspect rivalling the pow'r  
Of fatal Helen, or the wanton charms  
Of love's soft queen : but such as far excell'd,  
Whate'er the lily, blending with the rose,  
Paints on the cheek of beauty soon to fade ;  
Such, as express'd a mind, which wisdom rul'd,  
And sweetness temper'd, virtue's purest light  
Illumining the countenance divine,  
Yet could not sooth remorseless fate, nor teach  
Malignant fortune to revere the good,  
Which oft with anguish rends the spotless heart,  
And oft associates wisdom with despair.  
In courteous phrase began the chief humane.

Exalted fair, who thus adorn't the night,  
Forbear to blame the vigilance of war,  
And to the laws of rigid Mars impute,  
That I thus long unwilling have delay'd

Before

Before the great Leonidas to place  
This your apparent dignity and worth.

He spake, and gently to the lofty tent  
Of Sparta's king the lovely stranger guides.  
At Agis' summons with a mantle broad  
His mighty limbs Leonidas infolds,  
And quits his couch. In wonder he surveys  
Th' illustrious virgin, whom his presence aw'd:  
Her eye submissive to the ground inclin'd  
With veneration of the godlike man.  
But soon his voice her anxious dread dispell'd,  
Benevolent and hospitable thus.

Thy form alone, thus amiable and great,  
Thy mind delineates, and from all commands  
Supreme regard. Relate, thou noble dame,  
By what relentless destiny compell'd,  
Thy tender feet the paths of darkness tread.  
Rehearse th' afflictions, whence thy virtue mourns:  
On her wan cheek a sudden blush arose,  
Like day's first dawn upon the twilight pale,  
And, wrapt in grief, these words a passage broke;

If to be most unhappy, and to know,  
That hope is irrecoverably fled;  
If to be great and wretched may deserve  
Commiseration from the good; behold,  
Thou glorious leader of unconquer'd bands,  
Behold descended from Darius' loins

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Th' afflicted Ariana, and my pray'r  
 Accept with pity, nor my tears disdain!  
 First, that I lov'd the best of human race,  
 By nature's hand with ev'ry virtue form'd,  
 Heroic, wise, adorn'd with ev'ry art;  
 Of shame unconscious does my heart reveal.  
 This day, in Grecian arms conspicuous clad,  
 He fought, he fell. A passion long conceal'd  
 For me alas! within my brother's arms  
 His dying breath resigning, he disclos'd:  
 —Oh I will stay my sorrows! will forbid  
 My eyes to stream before thee, and my heart,  
 Thus full of anguish, will from sighs restrain!  
 For why should thy humanity be griev'd  
 With my distress, and learn from me to mourn  
 The lot of nature, doom'd to care and pain!  
 Hear then, O king, and grant my sole request,  
 To seek his body in the heaps of slain.

Thus to the Spartan su'd the regal maid,  
 Resembling Ceres in majestic woe,  
 When, suppliant at Jove's resplendent throne,  
 From dreary Pluto, and th' infernal gloom,  
 Her lov'd and lost Proserpina she sought:  
 Fix'd on the weeping queen with steadfast eyes,  
 Laconia's chief these tender thoughts recall'd.

Such are thy sorrows, O for ever dear!  
 Who now at Lacedæmon dost deplore

My

My everlasting absence ! then inclin'd  
 His head, and sigh'd ; nor yet forgot to charge  
 His friend, the gentle Agis, through the straits  
 The Persian princess to attend and aid.  
 With careful steps they seek her lover's corse.  
 The Greeks remember'd, where by fate repress'd,  
 His arm first ceas'd to mow their legions down,  
 And from beneath a mass of Persian slain  
 Soon drew the hero, by his armour known.  
 To Agis' high pavilion they resort.  
 Now, Ariana, what transcending pangs  
 Thy soul involv'd ? What horror clasp'd thy heart !  
 But love grew mightiest, and her beauteous limbs  
 On the cold breast of Terebazus threw  
 The grief-distracted maid. The clotted gore  
 Deform'd her snowy bosom. O'er his wounds  
 Loose flow'd her hair, and bubbling from her eyes,  
 Impetuous sorrow lav'd the purple clay.  
 When forth in groans her lamentation broke :  
 O torn for ever from my weeping eyes !  
 Thou, who despairing to obtain her heart,  
 Who then most lov'd thee, didst untimely yield  
 Thy life to fate's inevitable dart  
 For her, who now in agony unfolds  
 Her tender bosom, and repeats her vows  
 To thy deaf ear, who fondly to her own  
 Now clasps thy breast insensible and cold.



Alas! do those unmoving, ghastly orbs  
 Perceive my gushing anguish! Does that heart,  
 Which death's inanimating hand hath chill'd,  
 Share in my suff'rings, and return my sighs!  
 —Oh! bitter unsurmountable distress!

Lo! on thy breast is Ariana bow'd,  
 Hangs o'er thy face, unites her cheek to thine  
 Not now to listen with enchanted ears  
 To thy persuasive eloquence, no more  
 Charm'd with the wisdom of thy copious mind!

She could no more. Invincible despair  
 Suppress'd her utterance. As a marble form,  
 Fix'd on the solemn sepulchre, unmov'd  
 O'er some dead hero, whom his country lov'd,  
 Bends down the head with imitated woe:  
 So paus'd the princess o'er the breathless clay,  
 Intransigent in sorrow. On the dreary wound,  
 Where Dithyrambus' sword was deepest plung'd,  
 Mute for a space, and motionless she gaz'd.  
 Then with a look unchang'd, nor trembling hand  
 Drew forth a poniard, which her garment veil'd,  
 And, sheathing in her heart the abhorred steel,  
 On her slain lover, silent sinks in death.

MARRIAGE,

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## MARRIAGE, A VISION.

BY DR COTTON.

Inscribed to Miss \* \* \* \*

**F**AIREST, this vision is thy due,  
I form'd th' instructive plan for you.  
Slight not the rules of thoughtful age,  
Your welfare actuates every page;  
But ponder well my sacred theme,  
And tremble, while you read my dream.

Those awful words, " 'Till death do part,"  
May well alarm the youthful heart :  
No after-thought when once a wife ;  
The die is cast, and cast for life ;  
Yet thousands venture ev'ry day,  
As some base passion leads the way.  
Pert Silvia talks of wedlock-scenes,  
Though hardly enter'd on her teens ;  
Smiles on her whining spark, and hears  
The sugar'd speech with raptur'd ears ;  
Impatient of her parent's rule,  
She leaves her fire and weds a fool ;  
Want enters at the guardless door,  
And Love is fled, to come no more.

Some

Some few there are of fordid mould,  
Who barter youth and bloom for gold;  
Careless with what, or whom they mate,  
Their ruling passion's all for state.  
But Hymen, gen'rous, just, and kind,  
Abhors the mercenary mind:  
Such rebels groan beneath his rod,  
For Hymen's a vindictive God:  
Be joyless ev'ry night, he said,  
And barren be their nuptial bed.

Attend, my fair, to wisdom's voice,  
A better fate shall crown thy choice.  
A married life, to speak the best,  
Is all a lottery confest:  
Yet if my fair one will be wise,  
I will insure my girl a prize;  
Though not a prize to match thy worth,  
Perhaps thy equal's not on earth.

'Tis an important point to know,  
There's no perfection here below.  
Man's an odd compound, after all,  
And ever has been since the fall.  
Say, that he loves you from his soul,  
Still man is proud, nor brooks controul.  
And though a slave in love's soft school,  
In wedlock claims his right to rule.

The

The best, in short, has faults about him,  
 If few those faults, you must not flout him.  
 With some, indeed, you can't dispense,  
 As want of temper, and of sense.  
 For when the sun deserts the skies,  
 And the dull winter evenings rise,  
 Then for a husband's social pow'r,  
 To form the calm, converseive hour;  
 The treasures of thy breast explore,  
 From that rich mine to draw the ore;  
 Fondly each gen'rous thought refine;  
 And give thy native gold to shine;  
 Shew thee, as really thou art,  
 Though fair, yet fairer still at heart.

Say, when life's purple blossoms fade,  
 As soon they must, thou charming maid;  
 When in thy cheeks the roses die,  
 And sickness clouds that brilliant eye;  
 Say, when or age or pains invade,  
 And those dear limbs shall call for aid;  
 If thou art fetter'd to a fool,  
 Shall not his transient passion cool?  
 And when thy health and beauty end,  
 Shall thy weak mate persist a friend?  
 But to a man of sense, my dear,  
 Ev'n then thou lovely shalt appear;

He'll

He'll share the griefs that wound thy heart,  
And weeping claim the larger part;  
Though age impairs that beauteous face,  
He'll prize the pearl beyond its case.

In wedlock when the sexes meet,  
Friendship is only then complete.  
"Blest state! where souls each other draw;  
"Where love is liberty and law!"  
The choicest blessing found below,  
That man can wish, or heaven bestow!  
Trust me these raptures are divine,  
For lovely Chloe once was mine!  
Nor fear the varnish of my stile,  
Though poet, I'm estrang'd to guile.  
Ah me! my faithful lips impart  
The genuine language of my heart!

When bards extol their patrons high,  
Perhaps 'tis gold extorts the lye;  
Perhaps the poor reward of bread——  
But who burns incense to the dead!  
He, whom a fond affection draws,  
Careless of censure, or applause;  
Whose soul is upright and sincere,  
With nought to wish, and nought to fear.

Now to my visionary scheme,  
Attend, and profit by my dream.

Amidst



Amidst the slumbers of the night  
 A stately temple 'rose to fight;  
 And ancient as the human race,  
 If Nature's purposes you trace.  
 This fane, by all the wise rever'd,  
 To Wedlock's pow'rful God was rear'd.  
 Hard by I saw a graceful sage,  
 His locks were frosted o'er by age;  
 His garb was plain, his mind serene,  
 And wisdom dignify'd his mien.  
 With curious search his name I sought,  
 And found 'twas Hymen's fav'rite—Thought.

Apace the giddy crowds advance,  
 And a lewd satyr led the dance;  
 I griev'd to see whole thousands run,  
 For oh! what thousands are undone!  
 The sage, when these mad troops he spy'd,  
 In pity flew to join their side;  
 The disconcerted pairs began  
 To rail against him to a man;  
 Vow'd they were strangers to his name,  
 Nor knew from whence the dotard came.

But mark the sequel—for this truth  
 Highly concerns impetuous youth:  
 Long ere the honey moon cou'd wane,  
 Perdition seiz'd on ev'ry twain;

At ev'ry house, and all day long,  
 Repentance ply'd her scorpion thong;  
 Disgust was there with frowning mien,  
 And ev'ry wayward child of spleen.

Hymen approach'd his awful fane,  
 Attended by a num'rous train:  
 Love with each soft and nameless grace,  
 Was first in favour and in place:  
 Then came the God with solemn gait,  
 Whose ev'ry word was big with fate;  
 His hand a flaming taper bore,  
 That sacred symbol, fam'd of yore:  
 Virtue, adorn'd with ev'ry charm,  
 Sustain'd the God's incumbent arm:  
 Beauty improv'd the glowing scene  
 With all the roses of eighteen:  
 Youth led the gayly smiling fair,  
 His purple pinions wav'd in air:  
 Wealth, a close hunk, walk'd hobbling nigh,  
 With vulture-claw, and eagle-eye,  
 Who threescore years had seen, or more,  
 ('Tis said his coat had seen a score;)  
 Proud was the wretch, though clad in rags,  
 Presuming much upon his bags.

A female next her arts display'd,  
 Poets alone can paint the maid:

Trust

Trust me, Hogarth, (though great thy fame)  
 'Twould pose thy skill to draw the same;  
 And yet thy mimic pow'r is more  
 Than ever painter's was before:  
 Now she was fair as Cygnet's down,  
 Now as Mat Prior's Emma, brown;  
 And changing as the changing flow'r,  
 Her dress she varied every hour:  
 'Twas Fancy, child!—You know the fair,  
 Who pins your gown, and sets your hair.

Lo! the God mounts his throne of state,  
 And sits the arbiter of fate:  
 His head with radiant glories drest,  
 Gently reclin'd on Virtue's breast:  
 Love took his station on the right,  
 His quiver beam'd with golden light.  
 Beauty usurp'd the second place,  
 Ambitious of distinguish'd grace;  
 She claim'd this ceremonial joy,  
 Because related to the boy;  
 (Said it was her's to point his dart,  
 And speed its passage to the heart)  
 While on the God's inferior hand  
 Fancy and Wealth obtain'd their stand.

And now the hallow'd rites proceed,  
 And now a thousand heart-strings bleed.

I saw a blooming trembling bride,  
 A toothless lover join'd her side;  
 Averse she turn'd her weeping face,  
 And shudder'd at the cold embrace.

But various baits their force impart:  
 Thus titles lie at Celia's heart:  
 A passion much too foul to name,  
 Costs supercilious prudes their fame:  
 Prudes wed to publicans and sinners,  
 The hungry poet weds for dinners.

The God with frown indignant view'd  
 The rabble covetous or lewd;  
 By ev'ry vice his altars stain'd,  
 By ev'ry fool his rites profan'd:  
 When Love complain'd of Wealth aloud,  
 Affirming Wealth debauch'd the crowd;  
 Drew up in form his heavy charge,  
 Desiring to be heard at large.

The God consents, the throng divide,  
 The young espous'd the plaintiff's side;  
 The old declar'd for the defendant,  
 For age is money's sworn attendant.

Love said, that wedlock was design'd  
 By gracious heav'n to match the mind;  
 To pair the tender and the just,  
 And his the delegated trust:

That

That Wealth had play'd a knavish part,  
 And taught the tongue to wrong the heart;  
 But what avails the faithless voice?  
 The injur'd heart disdains the choice——

Wealth strait reply'd, that Love was blind,  
 And talk'd at random of the mind;  
 That killing eyes, and bleeding hearts,  
 And all th' artillery of darts,  
 Were long ago exploded fancies,  
 And laugh'd at even in romances;  
 Poets indeed stile love a treat,  
 Perhaps for want of better meat:  
 And love might be delicious fare,  
 Cou'd we, like poets, live on air.  
 But grant that angels feast on love,  
 (Those purer essences above)  
 Yet Albion's sons, he understood,  
 Preferr'd a more substantial food.  
 Thus while with gibes he dress'd his cause,  
 His grey admirers hemm'd applause.

With seeming conquest pert and proud,  
 Wealth shook his sides and chuckled loud;  
 When Fortune, to restrain his pride,  
 And fond to favour Love beside,  
 Op'ning the miser's tape-ty'd vest,  
 Disclos'd the cares which stung his breast:

Wealth



Wealth stood abash'd at his disgrace,  
And a deep crimson flush'd his face.

Love sweetly simper'd at the sight,  
His gay adherents laugh'd outright.  
The God, though grave his temper, smil'd,  
For Hymen dearly priz'd the child.  
But he who triumphs o'er his brother,  
In turn is laugh'd at by another.

Such cruel scores we often find  
Repaid the criminal in kind.

For Poverty, that famish'd fiend!

Ambitious of a wealthy friend,

Advanc'd into the miser's place,

And star'd the stripling in the face;

Whose lips grew pale, and cold as clay;

I thought the chit would swoon away.

The God was studious to employ  
His cares to aid the vanquish'd boy:

And therefore issu'd his decree,

That the two parties strait agree.

When both obey'd the God's commands,

And Love and Riches join'd their hands.

What wond'rous change in each was wrought,  
Believe me, fair, surpasses thought.

If Love had many charms before,

He now had charms, ten thousand more.

If Wealth had serpents in his breast,  
They now were dead, or lull'd to rest.

Beauty, that vain affected thing.

Who join'd the Hymeneal ring,  
Approach'd with round unthinking face,  
And thus the trifler states her case.

She said, that Loves complaints, 'twas known,  
Exactly tally'd with her own;

That Wealth had learn'd the felons arts,  
And robb'd her of a thousand hearts;

Desiring judgment against Wealth,  
For falsehood, perjury, and stealth;  
All which she cou'd on oath depose,  
And hop'd the court would slit his nose.

But Hymen, when he heard her name,  
Call'd her an interloping dame;  
Look'd through the crowd with angry state,  
And blam'd the porter at the gate.  
For giving entrance to the fair,  
When she was not essential there.

To sink this haughty tyrant's pride,  
He order'd Fancy to preside.  
Hence when debates on beauty rise,  
And each bright fair disputes the prize,  
To fancy's court we strait apply,  
And wait the sentence of her eye;

In beauty's realms she holds the seals,  
And her awards preclude appeals.

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THE FAN.

BY MR GAY. BOOK I.

I SING that graceful toy, whose waving play  
With gentle gales relieves the sultry day,  
Not the wide fan by Persian dames display'd,  
Which o'er their beauty casts a grateful shade;  
Nor that long known in China's artful land,  
Which, while it cools the face, fatigues the hand:  
Nor shall the muse in Asian climates rove,  
To seek in Indostan some spicy grove,  
Where stretch'd at ease the panting lady lies,  
To shun the fervor of meridian skies,  
While sweating slaves catch ev'ry breeze of air,  
And with wide-spreading fans refresh the fair;  
No busy gnats her pleasing dreams molest,  
Inflame her cheek, or ravage o'er her breast.  
But artificial zephyrs round her fly,  
And mitigate the fever of the sky.

Stay, wand'ring muse, nor rove in foreign climes,  
To thy own native shore confine thy rhymes.

Afist

Assist, ye nine, your loftiest notes employ;  
 Say what celestial skill contriv'd the toy;  
 Say how this instrument of love began,  
 And in immortal strains display the fan.

Strephon had long confess'd his am'rous pain;  
 Which gay Corinna rally'd with disdain:  
 Sometimes in broken words he sigh'd his care,  
 Look'd pale, and trembled when he view'd the fair;  
 With bolder freedoms now the youth advanc'd,  
 Hedress'd, he laugh'd, he sung, he rhym'd, he danc'd:  
 Now call'd more pow'rful presents to his aid,  
 And, to seduce the mistress, brib'd the maid;  
 Smooth flatt'ry in her softer hours apply'd,  
 The surest charm to bind the force of pride:  
 But still unmov'd remains the scornful dame,  
 Insults her captive, and derides his flame.  
 When Strephon saw his vows dispers'd in air,  
 He fought in solitude to lose his care;  
 Relief in solitude he fought in vain,  
 It serv'd, like music, but to feed his pain:  
 To Venus now the flighted boy complains,  
 And calls the goddess in these tender strains.

O potent queen, from Neptune's empire sprung,  
 Whose glorious birth admiring Nereids sung,  
 Who 'midst the fragrant plains of Cyprus rove,  
 Whose radiant presence gilds the Paphian grove,

Where to thy name a thousand altars rise,  
 And curling clouds of incense hide the skies :  
 O beauteous Goddess, teach me how to move,  
 Inspire my tongue with eloquence of love.  
 If lost Adonis e'er thy bosom warm'd,  
 If e'er his eyes, or godlike figure charm'd,  
 Think on those hours when first you felt the dart,  
 Think on the restless fever of thy heart ;  
 Think how you pin'd in absence of the swain :  
 By those uneasy minutes know my pain.  
 Ev'n while Cydippe to Diana bows,  
 And at her shrine renews her virgin vows,  
 The lover, taught by thee, her pride o'ercame ;  
 She reads his oaths, and feels an equal flame :  
 Oh, may my flame, like thine, Acontius prove,  
 May Venus dictate, and reward my love.  
 When crowds of suitors Atalanta try'd,  
 She wealth, and beauty, wit and fame defy'd :  
 Each daring lover with advent'rous pace  
 Pursu'd his wishes in the dang'rous race ;  
 Like the swift hind, the bounding damsel flies,  
 Strains to the goal, the distanc'd lover dies.  
 Hippomenes, O Venus, was thy care,  
 You taught the swain to stay the flying fair,  
 Thy golden present caught the virgin's eyes,  
 She stoops ; he rushes on, and gains the prize.

Say,



Say, Cyprian deity, what gift, what art,  
 Shall humble into love Corinna's heart :  
 If only some bright toy can charm her sight,  
 Teach me what present may suspend her flight.  
 Thus the desponding youth his flame declares,  
 The goddess with a nod his passion hears.

Far in Cythera stands a spacious grove,  
 Sacred to Venus and the God of love ;  
 Here the luxuriant myrtle rears her head ;  
 Like the tall oak the fragrant branches spread ;  
 Here nature all her sweets profusely pours,  
 And paints th' enamell'd ground with various flow'rs ;  
 Deep in the gloomy glade a grotto bends,  
 Wide through the craggy rock an arch extends,  
 The rugged stone is cloath'd with mantling vines,  
 And round the cave the creeping woodbine twines.

Here busy Cupids, with pernicious art,  
 Form the stiff bow, and forge the fatal dart ;  
 All share the toil ; while some the bellows ply,  
 Others with feathers teach the shafts to fly :  
 Some with joint force whirl round the stony wheel,  
 Where streams the sparkling fire from temper'd steel  
 Some point their arrows with the nicest skill,  
 And with the warlike store their quivers fill.

A different toil another forge employs ;  
 Here the loud hammer fashions female toys,

Hence is the fair with ornament supply'd,  
 Hence sprung the glitt'ring implements of pride;  
 Each trinket that adorns the modern dame,  
 First to these little artists ow'd its frame.  
 Here an unfinish'd di'mond corslet lay,  
 To which soft lovers adoration pay;  
 There was the polish'd crystal bottle seen,  
 That with quick scents revives the modish spleen:  
 Here the yet rude unjointed snuff-box lies,  
 Which serves the rally'd fop for smart replies;  
 There piles of paper rose in gilded reams,  
 The future records of the lover's flames;  
 Here clouded canes 'midst heaps of toys are found,  
 And inlaid tweezer-cases strow the ground.  
 There stands the toilette, nursery of charms,  
 Completely furnish'd with bright beauty's arms;  
 The patch, the powder-box, pulville, perfumes,  
 Pins, paint, a flatt'ring glass, and black lead combs.  
 The toilsome hours in diff'rent labour slide,  
 Some work the file, and some the graver guide;  
 From the loud anvil the quick blow rebounds,  
 And their rais'd arms descend in tuneful sounds.  
 Thus when Semiramis, in ancient days,  
 Bid Babylon her mighty bulwarks raise;  
 A swarm of lab'ers diff'rent tasks attend:  
 Here pullies make the pond'rous oak ascend.

With

With echoing strokes the cragged quarry groans,  
 While there the chissel forms the shapeless stones;  
 The weighty mallet deals resounding blows,  
 'Till the proud battlement her tow'rs enclose.

Now Venus mounts her car, she shakes the reins,  
 And steers her turtles to Cythera's plains;  
 Strait to the grot with graceful step she goes,  
 Her loose ambrosial hair behind her flows:  
 The swelling bellows heave for breath no more,  
 All dropt their silent hammers on the floor;  
 In deep suspense the mighty labour stands,  
 While thus the goddess spoke her mild commands.

Industrious loves your present toils forbear,  
 A more important task demands your care;  
 Long has the scheme employ'd my thoughtful mind,  
 By judgment ripen'd, and by time refin'd.  
 That glorious bird, have ye not often seen,  
 Who draws the car of the celestial queen?  
 Have ye not oft survey'd his varying dyes,  
 His tail all gilded o'er with Argus' eyes?  
 Have ye not seen him in the sunny day  
 Unfurl his plumes, and all his pride display,  
 Then suddenly contract his dazzling train,  
 And with long-trailing feathers sweep the plain?  
 Learn from this hint, let this instruct your art:  
 Thin taper sticks must from one center part:

Let

Let these into the quadrant's form divide,  
 The spreading ribs with snowy paper hide;  
 Here shall the pencil bid its colours flow,  
 And make a miniature creation grow.  
 Let the machine in equal foldings close,  
 And now its plaited surface wide dispose.  
 So shall the fair her idle hand employ,  
 And grace each motion with the restless toy.  
 With various play bid grateful zephyrs rise,  
 While love in ev'ry grateful zephyr flies.

The master Cupid traces out the lines,  
 And with judicious hand the draught designs;  
 Th' expecting loves with joy the model view,  
 And the joint labour eagerly pursue.  
 Some flit their arrows with the nicest art,  
 And into sticks convert the shiver'd dart;  
 The breathing bellows wake the sleeping fire,  
 Blow off the cinders, and the sparks aspire;  
 Their arrow's point they soften in the flame,  
 And sounding hammers break its barbed frame:  
 Of this, the little pin they neatly mould,  
 From whence their arms the spreading sticks unfold;  
 In equal plaits they now the paper bend,  
 And at just distance the wide ribs extend;  
 Then on the frame they mount the limber skreen,  
 And finish instantly the new machine.

The

The goddess, pleas'd the curious work receives,  
 Remounts her chariot, and the grotto leaves ;  
 With the light fan she moves the yielding air,  
 And gales, till then unknown, play round the fair.  
 Unhappy lovers, how will you withstand,  
 When these new arms shall grace your charmer's hand?  
 In ancient times, when maids in thought were pure,  
 When eyes were artless and the look demure,  
 When the wide ruff the well-turn'd neck enclos'd,  
 And heaving breasts within the stays repos'd,  
 When the close hood conceal'd the modest ear,  
 Ere black-lead combs disown'd the virgin's hair ;  
 Then in the muff unactive fingers lay,  
 Nor taught the fan in fickle forms to play.

How are the sex improv'd in am'rous arts,  
 What new-found snares they bait for human hearts !  
 Now love with fatal airs the nymph supplies,  
 Her dress disposes, and directs her eyes.  
 The bosom now its panting beauty shows.  
 Th' experienc'd eye resistless glances throws ;  
 Now vary'd patches wander o'er the face,  
 And strike each gazer with a borrow'd grace ;  
 The fickle head-dress sinks and now aspires  
 A tow'ry front of lace on branching wires.  
 The curling hair in tortur'd ringlets flows,  
 Or round the face in labour'd order grows.



## B O O K II.

Olympus' gates unfold ; in heav'ns high towers  
 Appear in council all th' immortal powers ;  
 Great Jove above the rest exalted fate,  
 And in his mind revolv'd succeeding fate,  
 His awful eye with ray superior shone,  
 The thunder-grasping eagle guards his throne ;  
 On silver clouds the great assembly laid,  
 The whole creation at one view survey'd.

But see, fair Venus comes in all her state,  
 The wanton loves and graces round her wait ;  
 With her loose robe officious zephyrs ply,  
 And strow with odoriferous flowers the way :  
 In her right hand she waves the flutt'ring fan,  
 And thus in melting sounds her speech began.

Assembled powers, who fickle mortals guide,  
 Who o'er the sea, the skies and earth preside,  
 Ye fountains whence all human blessings flow,  
 Who pour your bounties on the world below ;  
 Bacchus first rais'd and prun'd the climbing vine,  
 And taught the grape to stream with gen'rous wine ;  
 Industrious Ceres tam'd the savage ground,  
 And pregnant fields with golden harvests crown'd ;  
 Flora with bloomy sweets enrich'd the year,  
 And fruitful autumn is Pomona's care.

I first

I first taught woman to subdue mankind,  
 And all her native charms with dress refin'd :  
 Celestial synod, this machine survey,  
 That shades the face, or bids cool zephyrs play ;  
 If conscious blushes on her cheek arise,  
 With this she veils them from her lover's eyes ;  
 No levell'd glance betrays her am'rous heart,  
 From the Fan's ambush she directs the dart.  
 The royal scepter shines in Juno's hand,  
 And twisted thunder speaks great Jove's command ;  
 On Pallas' arm the Gorgon shield appears,  
 And Neptune's mighty grasp the trident bears :  
 Ceres is with the bending sickle seen,  
 And the strong bow points out the Cynthian queen ;  
 Henceforth the waving fan my hands shall grace,  
 The waving fan supply the scepter's place.  
 Who shall, ye powers, the forming pencil hold ?  
 What story shall the wide machine unfold ?  
 Let loves and graces lead the dance around,  
 With myrtle wreaths and flow'ry chaplets crown'd ;  
 Let Cupid's arrows strow the smiling plains  
 With unresisting nymphs, and am'rous swains,  
 May glowing picture o'er the surface shine,  
 To melt slow virgins with the warm design.

Diana rose ; with silver crescent crown'd,  
 And fix'd her modest eyes upon the ground ;

Then with becoming mien she rais'd her head,  
And thus with graceful voice the virgin said.

Has woman then forgot all former wiles,  
The watchful ogle, and delusive smiles?  
Does man against her charms too pow'rful prove,  
Or are the sex grown novices in love?  
Why then these arms? or why should artful eyes,  
From this slight ambush, conquer by surprize?  
No guilty thought the spotless virgin knows,  
And o'er her cheek no conscious crimson glows;  
Since blushes then from shame alone arise,  
Why should we veil them from her lover's eyes?  
Let Cupid rather give up his command,  
And trust his arrows in a female hand.  
Have not the Gods already cherish'd pride,  
And woman with destructive arms supply'd?  
Neptune on her bestows his choicest stores.  
For her the chambers of the deep explores;  
The gaping shell its pearly charge resigns,  
And round her neck the lucid bracelet twines:  
Plutus for her bids earth its wealth unfold,  
Where the warm ore is ripen'd into gold;  
Or where the ruby reddens in the soil,  
Where the green emerald pays the searcher's toil.  
Does not the di'mond sparkle in her ear,  
Glow on her hand, and tremble in her hair?

From

From the gay nymph the glancing lustre flies,  
 And imitates the lightning of her eyes.  
 But yet if Venus' wishes must succeed,  
 And this fantastic engine be decreed,  
 May some chaste story from the Pencil flow,  
 To speak the virgin's joy, and Hymen's woe.

Here let the wretched Ariadne stand,  
 Seduc'd by Theseus to some desert land,  
 Her locks dishevell'd waving in the wind,  
 The crystal tears confess her tortur'd mind;  
 The perjur'd youth unfurls his treach'rous sails,  
 And their white bosoms catch the swelling gales.  
 Be still, ye winds, she cries, stay, Theseus, stay;  
 But faithless Theseus hears no more than they.  
 All desp'rate, to some craggy cliff she flies,  
 And spreads a well-known signal in the skies;  
 His leſ'ning vessel plows the foamy main,  
 She sighs, she calls, she waves the sign in vain.

Paint Dido there amidst her last distress,  
 Pale cheeks and blood-shot eyes her grief express:  
 Deep in her breast the reeking sword is drown'd;  
 And gushing blood streams purple from the wound;  
 Her sister Anna hov'ring o'er her stands,  
 Accuses heav'n with lifted eyes and hands;  
 Upbraids the Trojan with repeated cries,  
 And mixes curses with her broken sighs.

View this, ye maids; and then each swain believe;  
They're Trojans all, and vow but to deceive.

Thus may the nymph, whene'er she spreads the fan,  
In his true colours view perfidious man;  
Pleas'd with her virgin state in forests rove,  
And never trust the dang'rous hopes of love.

The goddess ended. Merry Momus rose,  
With smiles and grins he waggish glances throws,  
Then with a noisy laugh forestalls his joke;  
Mirth flashes from his eyes while thus he spoke.

Rather let heav'nly deeds be painted there,  
And by your own examples teach the fair;  
Let chaste Diana on the piece be seen,  
And the bright crescent own the Cynthian queen.

Would you warn beauty not to cherish pride,  
Nor vainly in the treach'rous bloom confide,  
On the machine the sage Minerva place,  
With lineaments of wisdom mark her face;  
See, where she lies near some transparent flood,  
And with her pipe cheers the resounding wood:  
Her image in the floating glass she spies,  
Her bloated cheeks, worn lips, and shrivell'd eyes;  
She breaks the guiltless pipe, and with disdain  
Its shatter'd ruins flings upon the plain.  
With the loud reed no more her cheek shall swell,  
What, spoil her face! no. Warbling strains farewell.

Shall



Shall arts, shall sciences employ the fair?  
Those trifles are beneath Minerva's care.

From Venus let her learn the married life,  
And all the virtuous duties of a wife.  
Here on a couch extend the Cyprian dame,  
Let her eye sparkle with the glowing flame;  
The God of war within her clinging arms,  
Sinks on her lips, and kindles all her charms.  
Paint limping Vulcan with a husband's care,  
And let his brow the cuckold's honours wear;  
Beneath the net the captive lovers place,  
Their limbs entangled in a close embrace.  
Let these amours adorn the new machine,  
And female nature on the piece be seen;  
So shall the fair, as long as fans shall last,  
Learn from your bright examples to be chaste.

## B O O K III.

Thus Momus spoke. When sage Minerva rose;  
From her sweet lips smooth elocution flows,  
Her skilful hand an iv'ry pallet grac'd,  
Where shining colours were in order plac'd.  
As Gods are bless'd with a superior skill,  
And, swift as mortal thought, perform their will.  
Strait she proposes, by her art divine,  
To bid the paint express her great design.

Th'

Th' assembled pow'rs consent. She now began,  
And her creating pencil stain'd the fan.

O'er the fair field, trees spread, and rivers flow,  
Tow'rs rear their heads, and distant mountains grow;  
Life seems to move within the glowing veins,  
And in each face some lively passion reigns.  
Thus have I seen woods, hills, and dales appear,  
Flocks graze the plains, birds wing the silent air  
In darken'd rooms, where light can only pass  
Through the small circle of a convex glass;  
On the white sheet the moving figures rise,  
The forest waves, clouds float along the skies.

She various fables on the piece design'd,  
That spoke the follies of the female kind.

The fate of pride in Niobe she drew:  
Be wise, ye nymphs, that scornful vice subdued.  
In a wide plain th' imperious mother stood,  
Whose distant bounds rose in a winding wood;  
Upon her shoulder flows her mantling hair,  
Pride marks her brow, and elevates her air:  
A purple robe behind her sweeps the ground,  
Whose spacious border golden flow'rs surround:  
She made Latonas' altars cease to flame,  
And of due honours robb'd her sacred name,  
To her own charms she bade fresh incense rise,  
And adoration own her brighter eyes.

Sev'n

Sev'n daughters from her fruitful loins were born,  
 Sev'n graceful sons her nuptial bed adorn;  
 Who, for a mother's arrogant disdain,  
 Were by Latona's double offspring slain.  
 Here Phœbus his unerring arrow drew,  
 And from his rising steed her first-born threw,  
 His op'ning fingers drop the slacken'd rein,  
 And the pale corse falls headlong to the plain.  
 Beneath her pencil here two wrestlers bend;  
 See, to the grasp her swelling nerves distend;  
 Diana's arrow joins them face to face,  
 And death unites them in a strict embrace.  
 Another here flies trembling o'er the plain;  
 When heav'n pursues we shun the stroke in vain.  
 This lifts his supplicating hands and eyes,  
 And 'midst his humble adoration dies.  
 As from his thigh this tears the barbed dart,  
 A surer weapon strikes his throbbing heart:  
 While that to raise his wounded brother tries,  
 Death blasts his bloom, and locks his frozen eyes.  
 The tender sisters bath'd in grief appear,  
 With sable garments and dishevell'd hair,  
 And o'er their gasping brothers weeping stood;  
 Some with their tresses stopt the gushing blood,  
 They strive to stay the fleeting life too late,  
 And in the pious action share their fate.

Now

Now the proud dame o'ercome by trembling fear,  
 With her wide robe protects her only care;  
 To save her only care in vain she tries,  
 Close at her feet the latest victim dies.  
 Down her fair cheek the trickling sorrow flows,  
 Like dewy spangles on the blushing rose,  
 Fixt in astonishment she weeping stood,  
 The plain all purple with her children's blood;  
 She stiffens with her woes: no more her hair  
 In easy ringlets wantons in the air;  
 Motion forfakes her eyes, her veins are dry'd,  
 And beat no longer with the sanguine tide;  
 All life is fled, firm marble now she grows,  
 Which still in tears the mother's anguish shows.

Ye haughty fair, your painted fans display,  
 And the just fate of lofty pride survey;  
 Tho' lovers oft extol your beauty's power,  
 And in celestial families adore,  
 Though from your features Cupid borrows arms,  
 And goddesses confess inferior charms,  
 Do not, vain maid, the flatt'ring tale believe,  
 Alike thy lovers and thy glass deceive.

Here young Narcissus o'er the fountain stood,  
 And view'd his image in the crystal flood;  
 The crystal flood reflects his lovely charms,  
 And the pleas'd image strives to meet his arms.

No nymph his unexperienc'd breast subdu'd,  
 Echo in vain the flying boy pursu'd,  
 Himself alone the foolish youth admires,  
 And with fond look the smiling shade desires:  
 O'er the smooth lake with fruitless tears he grieves,  
 His spreading fingers shoot in verdant leaves,  
 Through his pale veins green sap now gently flows,  
 And in a short-liv'd flow'r his beauty blows.

Let vain Narcissus warn each female breast,  
 That beauty's but a transient good at best.  
 Like flow'rs it withers with th' advancing year,  
 And age like winter robs the blooming fair.  
 Oh Araminta, cease thy wonted pride,  
 Nor longer in thy faithless charms confide;  
 Ev'n while the glass reflects thy sparkling eyes,  
 Their lustre and thy rosy colour flies!

Thus on the fan the breathing figures shine,  
 And all the pow'rs applaud the wise design.

The Cyprian queen the painted gift receives,  
 And with a grateful bow the synod leaves.  
 To the low world she bends her steepy way,  
 Where Strephon pass'd the solitary day;  
 She found him in a melancholy grove,  
 His down-cast eyes betray'd desponding love,  
 The wounded bark confess'd his slighted flame,  
 And ev'ry tree bore false Corinna's name;



In a cool shade he lay with folded arms,  
 Curses his fortune, and upbraids her charms,  
 When Venus to his wond'ring eyes appears,  
 And with these words relieves his am'rous cares :

Rise, happy youth, this bright machine survey,  
 Whose ratt'ling sticks my busy fingers sway,  
 This present shall thy cruel charmer move,  
 And in her fickle bosom kindle love.

The fan shall flutter in all female hands,  
 And various fashions learn from various lands.  
 For this, shall elephants their ivory shed ;  
 And polish'd sticks the waving engine spread :  
 His clouded mail the tortoise shall resign,  
 And round the rivet pearly circles shine.  
 On this shall Indians all their art employ,  
 And with bright colours stain the gaudy toy ;  
 Their paint shall here in wildest fancies flow,  
 Their dress, their customs, their religion show ;  
 So shall the British fair their minds improve,  
 And on the fan to distant climates rove.  
 Here China's ladies shall their pride display,  
 And silver figures gild their loose array ;  
 This boasts her little feet and winking eyes ;  
 That tunes the fife, or trinkling cymbal plies :  
 Here cross-leg'd nobles in rich state shall dine,  
 There in bright mail distorted heroes shine.

The

The peeping fan in modern times shall rise,  
 Through which unseen the female ogle flies;  
 This shall in temples the fly maid conceal,  
 And shelter love beneath devotion's veil.  
 Gay France shall make the fan her artist's care,  
 And with the costly trinket arm the fair.  
 As learned orators that touch the heart,  
 With various action raise their soothing art,  
 Both head and hand affect the list'ning throng,  
 And humour each expression of the tongue;  
 So shall each passion by the fan be seen,  
 From noisy anger to the fullen spleen.  
 While Venus spoke, joy shone in Strephon's eyes:  
 Proud of the gift, he to Corinna flies.  
 But Cupid (who delights in am'rous ill,  
 Wounds hearts, and leaves them to a woman's will)  
 With certain aim a golden arrow drew,  
 Which to Leander's panting bosom flew:  
 Leander lov'd; and to the sprightly dame  
 In gentle sighs reveal'd his growing flame;  
 Sweet smiles Corinna to his sighs returns,  
 And for the fop in equal passion burns.

Lo Strephon comes! and with a suppliant bow,  
 Offers the present, and renews his vow.

When she the fate of Niobe beheld,  
 Why has my pride against my heart rebell'd?

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She sighing cry'd: disdain forsook her breast,  
And Strephon now was thought a worthy guest.

In Procris' bosom when she saw the dart;  
She justly blames her own suspicious heart,  
Imputes her discontent to jealous fear,  
And knows her Strephon's constancy sincere.

When on Camilla's fate her eye she turns,  
No more for show and equipage she burns:  
She learns Leander's passion to despise,  
And looks on merit with discerning eyes.

Narcissus' change to the vain virgin shows,  
Who trusts to beauty, trusts the fading rose.  
Youth flies apace, with youth your beauty flies,  
Love then, ye virgins, ere the blossom dies.

Thus Pallas taught her. Strephon weds the dame,  
And Hymen's torch diffus'd the brightest flame.

---

A WINTER PIECE.

BY MR PHILIPS.

Addressed to the DUKE of DORSET.

FROM frozen climes, and endless tracts of snow,  
From streams that northern winds forbid to flow;  
What present shall the muse to Dorset-bring,  
Or how, so near the pole, attempt to sing?

The

The hoary winter here conceals from sight,  
 All pleasing objects that to verse invite.  
 The hills and dales, and the delightful woods,  
 The flow'ry plains, and silver streaming floods,  
 By snow disguis'd in bright confusion lie,  
 And with one dazzling waste fatigue the eye.

No gentle breathing breeze prepares the spring,  
 No birds within the desert region sing.  
 The ships unmov'd the boist'rous winds defy,  
 While rattling chariots o'er the ocean fly.  
 The vast leviathan wants room to ply,  
 And spout his waters in the face of day,  
 The starving wolves along the main sea prowl,  
 And to the moon in icy vallies howl.  
 For many a shining league the level main  
 Here spreads itself into a glassy plain :  
 There solid billows of enormous size,  
 Alps of green ice in wild disorder rise.  
 And yet but lately have I seen ev'n here,  
 The winter in a lovely dress appear.  
 E'er yet the clouds let fall the treasur'd snow,  
 Or winds begun through hazy skies to blow.  
 At ev'ning a keen eastern breeze arose ;  
 And the descending rain unfully'd froze.  
 Soon as the silent shades of night withdrew,  
 The ruddy morn disclos'd at once to view

The

214 POEMS FOR YOUNG LADIES.

The face of nature in a rich disguise,  
 And brighten'd ev'ry object to my eyes :  
 For ev'ry shrub, and every blade of grass,  
 And ev'ry pointed thorn, seem'd wrought in glass,  
 In pearls and rubies rich the hawthorns show,  
 While through the ice the crimson berries glow.  
 The thick-sprung reeds the wat'ry marshes yield,  
 Seem polish'd lances in a hostile field.  
 The stag in limpid currents with surprize,  
 Sees crystal branches on his forehead rise.  
 The spreading oak, the beach, and tow'ring pine,  
 Glaz'd over, in the freezing æther shine.  
 The frightened birds the rattling branches shun.  
 That wave and glitter in the distant fun.

When, if a sudden gust of wind arise,  
 The brittle forest into atoms flies :  
 The crackling wood beneath the tempest bends,  
 And in a spangled show'r the prospect ends.  
 Or, if a southern gale the region warm,  
 And by degrees unbind the wint'ry charm,  
 The traveller a miry country sees,  
 And journies sad beneath the drooping trees.

Like some deluded peasant, Merlin leads  
 Thro' fragrant bow'rs, and through delicious meads;  
 While here enchanted gardens to him rise,  
 And airy fabricks there attract his eyes.

His



His wand'ring feet the magic paths pursue ;  
 And, while he thinks the fair illusion true,  
 The trackless scenes disperse in fluid air,  
 And woods and wilds, and thorny ways appear :  
 A tedious road the weary wretch returns,  
 And as he goes, the transient vision mourns.

Copenhagen,

March 9, 1709.

---

ON THE FRIENDSHIP BETWIXT,

SACHARISSA AND AMORET.

By MR WALLER.

TELL me, lovely loving pair  
 Why so kind, and so severe ?  
 Why so careless of our care,  
 Only to yourselves so dear ?

By this cunning change of hearts,  
 You the pow'r of love controul ;  
 While the boy's deluded darts  
 Can arrive at neither foul.

For in vain to either breast  
 Still beguiled Love does come :  
 Where he finds a foreign guest ;  
 Neither of your hearts at home.

Debtors

216 POEMS FOR YOUNG LADIES.

Debtors thus will like design,  
When they never mean to pay;  
That they may the law decline,  
To some friend make all away.

Not the silver doves that fly,  
Yok'd in Cytherea's car;  
Not the wings that lift so high;  
And convey her son so far;

Are so lovely, sweet, and fair,  
Or do more ennoble love;  
Are so choicely match'd a pair,  
Or with more consent do move.

---

ON A GIRDLE.

By the same.

THAT which her slender waist confin'd,  
Shall now my joyful temples bind:  
No monarch but would give his crown,  
His arms might do what this has done.

It was my heav'n's extremest sphere,  
The pale which held that lovely dear:  
My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,  
Did all within this circle move!

A narrow

A narrow compass ! and yet there  
Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair :  
Give me but what this ribbond bound,  
Take all the rest the sun goes round.

---

ORIENTAL ECLOGUES:

BY MR. COLLINS.

E C L O G U E I.

SELIM; OR, THE SHEPHERD'S MORAL.

SCENE, A VALLEY NEAR BAGDAT.

TIME, THE MORNING.

YE Persian maids, attend your poet's lays,  
And hear how shepherds pass their golden days.  
Not all are blest, whom fortune's hand sustains  
With wealth in courts, nor all that haunt the plains :  
Well may your hearts believe the truths I tell ;  
'Tis virtue makes the bliss, where'er we dwell.

Thus Selim sung, by sacred truth inspir'd ;  
Nor praise, but such as truth bestow'd desir'd :  
Wise in himself, his meaning songs convey'd  
Informing morals to the shepherd maid ;  
Or taught the swains that surest bliss to find,  
What groves nor streams bestow, a virtuous mind.

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When

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When sweet and blushing, like a virgin bride,  
 The radiant morn resum'd her orient pride,  
 When wanton gales along the valleys play,  
 Breathe on each flower, and bear their sweets away;  
 By Tigris' wandering waves he sat, and sung  
 This useful lesson for the fair and young.  
 Ye Persian dames, he said, to you belong,  
 Well may they please, the morals of my song:  
 No fairer maids, I trust, than you are found,  
 Grac'd with soft arts, the peopled world around!  
 The morn that lights you, to your loves supplies  
 Each gentler ray delicious to your eyes:  
 For you those flowers her fragrant hands bestow,  
 And yours the love that kings delight to know.  
 Yet think not these, all beauteous as they are,  
 The best kind blessings heaven can grant the fair!  
 Who trust alone in beauty's feeble ray,  
 Boast but the worth Bassora's pearls display;  
 Drawn from the deep we own their surface bright,  
 But, dark within, they drink no lustrous light:  
 Such are the maids, and such the charms they boast,  
 By sense unaided, or to virtue lost.  
 Self-flattering sex! your hearts believe in vain  
 That loveshall blind, when once he fires the swain;  
 Or hope a lover by your faults to win,  
 As spots on ermin beautify the skin!

Who

Who seeks secure to rule, be first her care  
 Each softer virtue that adorns the fair;  
 Each tender passion man delights to find,  
 The lov'd perfections of a female mind!

Blest were the days, when Wisdom held her reign,  
 And shepherds sought her on the silent plain;  
 With truth she wedded in the secret grove,  
 Immortal truth, and daughters blest'd their love.

O haste, fair maids! ye virtues come away,  
 Sweet peace and plenty lead you on your way!  
 The balmy shrub, for you shall love our shore,  
 By Ind excell'd or Araby no more.

Lost to our fields, for so the fates ordain,  
 The dear deserters shall return again.  
 Comethou, whose thoughts as limpid springs are clear,  
 To lead the train, sweet Modesty appear:  
 Here make thy court amidst our rural scene,  
 And shepherd-girls shall own thee for their queen.  
 With thee be Chastity, of all afraid,  
 Distrusting all, a wise suspicious maid;  
 But man the most—not more the mountain doe  
 Holds the swift falcon for her deadly foe.  
 Cold is her breast, like flowers that drink the dew;  
 A filken veil conceals her from the view.  
 No wild desires amidst thy train be known.  
 But faith, whose heart is fix'd on one alone:



Desponding Meekness, with her down-cast eyes,  
 And friendly Pity, full of tender sighs;  
 And Love the last: by these your hearts approve,  
 These are the virtues that must lead to love.

Thus sung the swain; and ancient legends say,  
 The maids of Bagdat verified the lay:  
 Dear to the plains, the virtues came along,  
 The shepherds lov'd, and Selim bless'd his song.

## E C L O G U E II.

HASSAN; OR, THE CAMEL-DRIVER.

SCENE, THE DESERT.

TIME, MID-DAY.

**I**N silent horror o'er the boundless waste  
 The driver Hassan with his camels past:  
 One cruise of water on his back he bore,  
 And his light scrip contain'd a scanty store;  
 A fan of painted feathers in his hand,  
 To guard his shaded face from scorching sand.  
 The sultry sun had gain'd the middle sky,  
 And not a tree, and not an herb was nigh;  
 The beasts, with pain, their dusty way pursue,  
 Shrill roar'd the winds, and dreary was the view!

With

With desperate sorrow wild, th' affrighted man  
Thrice sigh'd, thrice struck his breast, and thus began:

"Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,  
"When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!"

Ah! little thought I of the blasting wind,  
The thirst or pinching hunger that I find!  
Bethink thee, Hassan, where shall thirst assuage,  
When fails this cruise, his unrelenting rage?  
Soon shall this scrip its precious load resign;  
Then what but tears and hunger shall be thine?

Ye mute companions of my toil's that bear  
In all my griefs a more than equal share!  
Here, where no springs in murmurs break away,  
Or moss-crown'd fountains mitigate the day,  
In vain ye hope the green delights to know,  
Which plains more blest, or verdant vales bestow:  
Here rocks alone, and tasteless sands are found,  
And faint and sickly winds for ever howl around.

"Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,  
"When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!"

Curst be the gold and silver which persuade  
Weak men to follow far-fatiguing trade!  
The lilly peace outshines the silver store,  
And life is dearer than the golden ore;

Yet

Yet money tempts us o'er the desert brown,  
 To every distant mart and wealthy town.  
 Full oft we tempt the land, and oft the sea:  
 And are we only yet repay'd by thee?  
 Ah! why was ruin so attractive made,  
 Or why fond man so easily betray'd?

Why heed we not, while mad we haste along,  
 The gentle voice of peace, or pleasure's song?  
 Or wherefore think the flowery mountain's side,  
 The fountain's murmurs, and the valley's pride,  
 Why think we these less pleasing to behold,  
 Than dreary deserts, if they lead to gold?

"Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,  
 "When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!"

O cease, my fears!—all frantic as I go,  
 When thought creates unnumber'd scenes of woe,  
 What if the lion in his rage I meet!—  
 Oft in the dust I view his printed feet:  
 And fearful! oft, when day's declining light  
 Yields her pale empire to the mourner night,  
 By hunger rous'd, he scours the groaning plain,  
 Gaunt wolves and fullen tygers in his train:  
 Before them death with shrieks directs their way,  
 Fills the wild yell, and leads them to their prey.

"Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,  
 "When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!"

At

At that dead hour the silent asp shall creep,  
 If aught of rest I find, upon my sleep:  
 Or some swollen serpent twist his scales around,  
 And wake to anguish with a burning wound.  
 Thrice happy they, the wise contented poor,  
 From lust of wealth, and dread of death secure!  
 They tempt no deserts, and no griefs they find;  
 Peace rules the day, where reason rules the mind.

“Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,  
 “When first from Schiraz’ walls I bent my way!”

O hapless youth! for she thy love hath won,  
 The tender Zara will be most undone!  
 Big swell’d my heart, and own’d the powerful maid,  
 When fast she dropt her tears, as thus she said:  
 “Farewel the youth, whom sighs could not detain,  
 “Whom Zara’s breaking heart implor’d in vain!  
 “Yet as thou go’st may every blast arise  
 “Weak and unfelt as these rejected sighs!  
 “Safe o’er the wild, no perils may’st thou see,  
 “No griefs endure, nor weep, false youth, like me.”  
 O let me safely to the fair return,  
 Say with a kiss, she must not, shall not mourn;  
 O! let me teach my heart to lose its fears,  
 Recall’d by wisdom’s voice, and Zara’s tears.

He

He said, and call'd on heaven to bless the day;  
When back to Schiraz' walls he bent his way.

---

E C L O G U E III.

ABRA; OR, THE GEORGIAN SULTANA.

SCENE, A FOREST.

TIME, THE EVENING.

IN Georgia's land, where Tefflis' towers are seen,  
In distant view along the level green,  
While evening dews enrich the glittering glade,  
And the tall forests cast a longer shade,  
What time 'tis sweet o'er fields of rice to stray,  
Or scent the breathing maize at setting day;  
Amidst the maids of Zagen's peaceful grove,  
Emyra sung the pleasing cares of love.

Of Abra first began the tender strain,  
Who led her youth with flocks upon the plain:  
At morn she came those willing flocks to lead,  
Where lilies rear them in the watery mead;  
From early dawn the live-long hours she told,  
Till late at silent eve she penn'd the fold.

Deep



Deep in the grove, beneath the secret shade,  
A various wreath of odorous flowers she made :  
Gay-motley'd pinks and sweet jonquils she chose,  
The violet blue that on the moss-bank grows ;  
All-sweet to sense, the flaunting rose was there :  
The finish'd chaplet well-adorn'd her hair.

Great Abbas chanc'd that fated morn to stray,  
By love conducted from the chace away ;  
Among the vocal vales he heard her song,  
And sought the vales and echoing groves among :  
At length he found, and woo'd the rural maid ;  
She knew the monarch, and with fear obey'd.

“ Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd,

“ And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd !”

The royal lover bore her from the plain ;  
Yet still her crook and bleating flock remain :  
Oft as she went, she backward turn'd her view,  
And bade that crook and bleating flock adieu.  
Fair happy maid ! to other scenes remove,  
To richer scenes of golden power and love !  
Go leave the simple pipe, and shepherd's strain ;  
With love delight thee, and with Abbas reign.

“ Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd,

“ And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd !”

Yet midst the blaze of courts she fix'd her love  
 On the cool fountain, or the shady grove;  
 Still with the shepherd's innocence her mind  
 To the sweet vale, and flowery mead inclin'd;  
 And oft as spring renew'd the plains with flowers,  
 Breath'd his soft gales, and lead the fragrant hours,  
 With sure return she sought the sylvan scene,  
 The breezy mountains, and the forests green.  
 Her maids around her mov'd, a duteous band!  
 Each bore a crook all-rural in her hand:  
 Some simple lay of flocks and herds they sung;  
 With joy the mountain, and the forest rung.

“ Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd,  
 “ And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!”

And oft the royal lover left the care  
 And thorns of state, attendant on the fair;  
 Oft to the shades and low-roof'd cots retir'd,  
 Or sought the vale where first his heart was fir'd:  
 A russet mantle, like a swain, he wore,  
 And thought of crowns and busy courts no more.

“ Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd,  
 “ And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!”

Blest was the life, that royal Abbas led:  
 Sweet was his love and innocent his bed.

What

What if in wealth the noble maid excel;  
 The simple shepherd girl can love as well.  
 Let those who rule on Persia's jewell'd throne,  
 Be fam'd for love, and gentlest love alone;  
 Or wreathe, like Abbas, full of fair renown,  
 The lover's myrtle with the warrior's crown.  
 O happy days! the maids around her say;  
 O haste, profuse of blessings, haste away!  
 "Be every youth, like royal Abbas mov'd,  
 "And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!"

## ECLOGUE IV.

AGIB AND SECANDER; OR, THE FUGITIVES.

SCENE, A MOUNTAIN IN CIRCASSIA.

TIME, MIDNIGHT.

IN fair Circassia, where to love inclin'd,  
 Each swain was blest, for every maid was kind;  
 At that still hour, when awful midnight reigns,  
 And none, but wretches, haunt the twilight plains;  
 What time the moon had hung her lamp on high,  
 And past in radiance through the cloudless sky;  
 Sad o'er the dews, two brother shepherds fled,  
 Where wildering fear and desperate sorrow led:

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Fast as they prest their flight, behind them lay  
Wide ravag'd plains, and vallies stole away.  
Along the mountain's bending sides they ran,  
Till faint and weak Secander thus began :

SECANDER.

O stay thee, Agib, for my feet deny,  
No longer friendly to my life, to fly.  
Friend of my heart, O turn thee and survey,  
Trace our sad flight through all its length of way !  
And first review that long-extended plain,  
And yon wide groves, already past with pain !  
Yon ragged cliff, whose dangerous path we tried !  
And last, this lofty mountain's weary side !

AGIB.

Weak as thou art, yet hapless must thou know  
The toils of flight, or some severer woe !  
Still as I haste, the Tarter shouts behind,  
And shrieks and sorrows load the saddening wind ;  
In rage of heart, with ruin in his hand,  
He blasts our harvests, and deforms our land.  
Yon citron grove, whence first in fear we came,  
Droops its fair honours to the conquering flame ;  
Far fly the swains, like us, in deep despair,  
And leave to ruffian bands their fleecy care.

SECANDER,

## SECANDER.

Unhappy land, whose blessings tempt the sword,  
 In vain, unheard, thou call'st they Persian lord!  
 In vain thou court'st him, helpless, to thine aid,  
 To shield the shepherd, and protect the maid!  
 Far off, in thoughtless indolence resign'd,  
 Soft dreams of love and pleasure sooth his mind:  
 'Midst fair sultanas lost in idle joy,  
 No wars alarm him, and no fears annoy.

## AGIB.

Yet these green hills, in summer's sultry heat,  
 Have lent the monarch oft a cool retreat.  
 Sweet to the sight is Zabran's flowery plain,  
 And once by maids and shepherds lov'd in vain!  
 No more the virgins shall delight to rove  
 By Sargis' banks, or Irwan's shady grove;  
 On Tarkie's mountain catch the cooling gale,  
 Or breathe the sweets of Aly's flowery vale:  
 Fair scenes! but, ah! no more with peace possést,  
 With ease alluring, and with plenty blest.  
 No more the shepherd's whitening tents appear,  
 Nor the kind products of a bounteous year;  
 No more the date, with snowy blossoms crown'd!  
 But ruin spreads her baleful fires around.

## SECANDER.



## SECANDER.

In vain Circassia boasts her spicy groves,  
 For ever fam'd for pure and happy loves :  
 In vain she boasts her fairest of the fair,  
 Their eye's blue languish, and their golden hair !  
 Those eyes in tears their fruitless grief must send ;  
 Those hairs the Tartar's cruel hand shall rend.

## AGIB.

Ye Georgian swains that piteous learn from far  
 Circassi'as ruin, and the waste of war ;  
 Some weightier arms than crooks and staves prepare,  
 To shield your harvests, and defend your fair :  
 The Turk and Tartar like designs pursue,  
 Fix'd to destroy, and stedfast to undo.  
 Wild as his land, in native deserts bred,  
 By lust incited, or by malice led,  
 The villain Arab, as he prowls for prey  
 Oft marks with blood and wasting flames the way ;  
 Yet none so cruel as the Tartar foe,  
 To death inur'd, and nurs'd in scenes of woe.

He said ; when loud along the vale was heard  
 A shriller shriek, and nearer fires appear'd :  
 Th' affrighted shepherds thro' the dews of night,  
 Wide o'er the moon-light hills renew'd their flight.

LETTER

A

LETTER FROM ITALY,

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

CHARLES LORD HALIFAX.

BY MR ADDISON.

WHILE you, my lord, the rural shades admire,  
And from Britannia's public posts retire,  
Nor longer, her ungrateful sons to please,  
For their advantage sacrifice your ease;  
Me into foreign realms my fate conveys,  
Through nations fruitful of immortal lays,  
Where the soft season and inviting clime  
Conspire to trouble your repose with rhyme.  
For wheresoe'er I turn my ravish'd eyes,  
Gay gilded scenes and shining prospects rise,  
Poetic fields encompass me around,  
And still I seem to tread on classic ground;  
For here the muse so oft her harp has strung,  
That not a mountain rears its head unsung,  
Renown'd in verse each shady thicket grows,  
And ev'ry stream in heav'nly numbers flows.

How

231 POEMS FOR YOUNG LADIES.

How am I pleas'd to search the hills and woods  
 For rising springs and celebrated floods !  
 To view the Nar, tumultuous in his course,  
 And trace the smooth Clitumnus to his source ;  
 To see the Mincio draw his watry store  
 Through the long windings of a fruitful shore,  
 And hoary Albula's infected tide  
 O'er the warm bed of smoking sulphur glide.  
 Fir'd with a thousand raptures I survey  
 Eridanus through flow'ry meadows stray,  
 The king of floods ! that rolling o'er the plains  
 The tow'ring Alps of half their moisture drains,  
 And proudly swoln with a whole winter's snows,  
 Distributes wealth and plenty where he flows.

Sometimes, misguided by the tuneful throng,  
 I look for streams immortaliz'd in song,  
 That lost in silence and oblivion lie,  
 (Dumb are their fountains, and their channels dry)  
 Yet run for ever by the muse's skill,  
 And in the smooth description murmur still.

Sometimes to gentle Tiber I retire,  
 And the fam'd rivers empty shores admire,  
 That destitute of strength derives its course  
 From thrifty urns and an unfruitful source ;  
 Yet sung so often in poetic lays,  
 With scorn the Danube and the Nile surveys ;

So

So high the deathless muse exalts her theme!  
 Such was the Boyn, a poor inglorious stream,  
 That in Hibernian vales obscurely stray'd,  
 And unobserv'd in wild meanders play'd;  
 Till by your lines and Naffau's sword renown'd,  
 Its rising billows through the world resound,  
 Where'er the hero's godlike acts can pierce,  
 Or where the fame of an immortal verse.

Oh cou'd the muse my ravish'd breast inspire  
 With warmth like yours, and raise an equal fire,  
 Unnumber'd beauties in my verse shou'd shine,  
 And Virgil's Italy should yield to mine!

See how the golden groves around me smile,  
 That shun the coast of Britain's stormy isle,  
 Or when transplanted and preserv'd with care,  
 Curse the cold clime, and starve in northern air.  
 Here kindly warmth their mounting juice ferments  
 To nobler tastes, and more exalted scents:  
 Ev'n the rough rocks with tender myrtle bloom,  
 And trodden weeds send out a rich perfume.  
 Bear me, some God, to Baia's gentle seats,  
 Or cover me in Umbria's green retreats;  
 Where western gales eternally reside,  
 And all the seasons lavish all their pride:  
 Blossoms, and fruits, and flowers together rise,  
 And the whole year in gay confusion lies.

Immortal glories in my mind revive,  
And in my soul a thousand passions strive,  
When Rome's exalted beauties I descry  
Magnificent in piles of ruin lie.  
An amphitheatre's amazing height  
Here fills my eye with terror and delight,  
That on its public shows unpeopled Rome,  
And held uncrowded nations in its womb :  
Here pillars rough with sculpture pierce the skies :  
And here the proud triumphal arches rise,  
Where the old Romans deathless acts display'd,  
Their base degenerate progeny upbraid :  
Whole rivers here forsake the fields below, [flow.  
And wond'ring at their height thro' airy channels  
Still to new scenes my wand'ring muse retires,  
And the dumb show of breathing ; rocks admires,  
Where the smooth chissel all its force has shown,  
And soften'd into flesh the rugged stone.  
In solemn silence, a majestic band,  
Heroes, and Gods, and Roman consuls stand ;  
Stern tyrants, whom their cruelties renown,  
And emperors in Parian marble frown ;  
While the bright dames, to whom they humbly su'd,  
Still show the charms that their proud hearts subdu'd.  
Fain wou'd I Raphael's godlike art rehearse,  
And show th' immortal labours in my verse,  
Where



Where from the mingled strength of shade and light  
 A new creation rises to my sight,  
 Such heav'nly figures from his pencil flow,  
 So warm with life his blended colours glow.  
 From theme to theme with secret pleasure tost,  
 Amidst the soft variety I'm lost:  
 Here pleasing airs my ravish'd soul confound  
 With circling notes and labyrinths of sound;  
 Here domes and temples rise in distant views,  
 And opening palaces invite my muse.

How has kind heav'n adorn'd the happy land,  
 And scatter'd blessings with a wasteful hand!  
 But what avail her unexhausted stores,  
 Her blooming mountains, and her sunny shores,  
 With all the gifts that heav'n and earth impart,  
 The smiles of nature, and the charms of art,  
 While proud oppression in her vallies reigns,  
 And tyranny usurps her happy plains?  
 The poor inhabitant beholds in vain  
 The red'ning orange and the swelling grain:  
 Joyless he sees the growing oils and wines,  
 And in the myrtle's fragrant shade repines:  
 Starves, in the midst of nature's bounty curst,  
 And in the loaden vineyard dies for thirst.

Oh liberty, thou Goddess, heavenly bright,  
 Profuse of bliss, and pregnant with delight!

236 POEMS FOR YOUNG LADIES.

Eternal pleasures in thy presence reign,  
 And smiling plenty leads thy wanton train;  
 Eas'd of her load subjection grows more light,  
 And poverty looks chearful in thy fight;  
 Thou mak'st the gloomy face of nature gay,  
 Giv'st beauty to the sun, and pleasure to the day.

Thee, Goddess, thee, Britannia's isle adores;  
 How has she oft exhausted all her stores,  
 How oft in fields of death thy presence sought,  
 Nor thinks the mighty prize too dearly bought!  
 On foreign mountains may the sun refine  
 The grape's soft juice, and mellow it to wine,  
 With citron groves adorn a distant soil,  
 And the fat olive swell with floods of oil:  
 We envy not the warmer clime, that lies  
 In ten degrees of more indulgent skies,  
 Nor at the coarseness of our heav'n repine,  
 Though o'er our heads the frozen pleiads shine:  
 'Tis Liberty that crowns Britannia's isle,  
 And makes her barren rocks and her bleak mountains smile.

Others with tow'ring piles may please the sight,  
 And in their proud aspiring domes delight;  
 A nicer touch to the stretcht canvas give,  
 Or teach their animated rocks to live:  
 'Tis Britain's care to watch o'er Europe's fate,  
 And hold in balance each contending state;

To

To threaten bold presumptuous kings with war,  
 And answer her afflicted neighbours' pray'r.  
 The Dane and Swede, rous'd up by fierce alarms,  
 Bless the wise conduct of her pious arms :

Soon as her fleets appear, their terrors cease,  
 And all the northern world lies hush'd in peace.

Th' ambitious Gaul beholds with secret dread  
 Her thunder aim'd at his aspiring head,  
 And fain her godlike sons wou'd disunite  
 By foreign gold, or by domestic spite ;  
 But strives in vain to conquer or divide,  
 Whom Nassau's arms defend and counsels guide.

Fir'd with the name, which I so oft have found  
 The distant climes and diff'rent tongues resound,  
 I bridle in my struggling muse with pain,  
 That longs to launch into a bolder strain.

But I've already troubled you too long,  
 Nor dare attempt a more advent'rous song.  
 My humble verse demands a softer theme,  
 A painted meadow, or a purling stream ;  
 Unfit for heroes ; whom immortal lays,  
 And lines like Virgil's, or like yours, shou'd praise.

THE

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THE HISTORY OF  
JOHN GILPIN,  
OF CHEAPSIDE.

A DROLL STORY, read by MR HENDERSON, with great  
Applause, at Free Mason's Tavern.

JOHN GILPIN was a citizen  
Of credit and renown;  
A train band captain eke was he  
Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear—  
“Though wedded we have been  
These twice ten tedious years, yet we  
No holiday have seen.

To morrow is our wedding-day,  
And we will then repair  
Unto the Bell at Edmonton,  
All in a chaise and pair.

My sister and my sister's child,  
Myself and children three,  
Will fill the chaise; so you must ride  
On horseback after we.”

He

He soon reply'd—"I do admire  
Of womankind but one;  
And you are she, my dearest dear,  
Therefore it shall be done.

I am a linen-draper bold,  
As all the world does know;  
And my good friend, the callender,  
Will lend his horse to go."

Quoth Mrs Gilpin—"That's well said;  
And, for that wine is dear,  
We will be furnish'd with our own,  
Which is so bright and clear."

John Gilpin kiss'd his loving wife;  
O'erjoy'd was he to find,  
That though on pleasure she was bent,  
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,  
But yet was not allow'd  
To drive up to the door, lest all  
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was staid,  
Where they did all get in,  
Six precious souls; and all agog  
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack



240 POEMS FOR YOUNG LADIES.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels;  
 Were never folks so glad;  
 The stones did rattle underneath,  
 As if Cheapside were mad

John Gilpin, at his horse's side,  
 Seiz'd fast the flowing mane,  
 And up he got in haste to ride,  
 But soon came down again.

For saddle-tree scarce reach'd had he,  
 His journey to begin,  
 When, turning round his face, he saw  
 Three customers come in.

So down he came; for loss of time,  
 Although it griev'd him fore,  
 Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,  
 Would grieve him still much more.

'Twas long before the customers  
 Were suited to their mind,  
 When Betty scream'd into his ears—  
 "The wine is left behind!"

"Good lack!" quoth he; "yet bring it me,  
 My leathern belt likewise,  
 In which I bear my trusty sword  
 When I do exercise."

Now

Now Mrs Gilpin—careful soul!—

Had two stone bottles found,  
To hold the liquor which she lov'd,  
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had two curling ears,  
Through which the belt he drew;  
He hung one bottle on each side,  
To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be  
Equipp'd from top to toe,  
His long red cloak, well brush'd and neat,  
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again  
Upon his nimble steed,  
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones,  
With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road  
Beneath his well-shod feet,  
The snorting beast began to trot,  
Which gall'd him in his seat.

“So fair and softly,” John did cry;  
But John he cry'd in vain;  
That trot became a gallop soon  
In spite of curb or rein.

So stooping down, as he needs must  
 Who cannot sit upright,  
 He grasp'd the mane with both his hands,  
 And eke with all his might.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought,  
 Away went hat and wig;  
 He little dreamt, when he set out,  
 Of running such a rig.

The horse, who never had before  
 Been handled in this kind  
 Affrighted fled; and, as he flew,  
 Left all the world behind.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,  
 Like streamer long and gay;  
 Till loop and button failing both,  
 At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern  
 The bottles he had slung;  
 A bottle swinging at each side,  
 As has been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children scream'd,  
 Up flew the windows all;  
 And every soul cry'd out, "Well done!"  
 As loud as he could bawl.

Away

Away went Gilpin—who but he!  
His fame soon spread around—  
“He carries weight!—he rides a race!—  
’Tis for a thousand pound!”

And still, as fast as he drew near,  
’Twas wonderful to view,  
How, in a trice, the turnpike-men  
Their gates wide open threw.

And now, as he went bowing down  
His reeking head full low,  
The bottles twain, behind his back,  
Were shatter’d at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,  
Most piteous to be seen,  
And made his horse’s flanks to smoke,  
As he had basted been.

But still he seem’d to carry weight,  
With leathern girdle brac’d;  
For still the bottle necks were left  
Both dangling at his waist.

Thus, all through merry Islington,  
These gambols he did play,  
And till he came unto the Wash  
Of Edmonton so gay.

244 POEMS FOR YOUNG LADIES.

And there he threw the Wash about  
On both sides of the way;  
Just like unto a trundling-mop,  
Or a wild-goose at play.

At Edmonton his loving wife  
From the balcony spied  
Her tender husband, wond'ring much  
To see how he did ride.

“Stop, stop, John Gilpin! here's the house!”  
They all at once did cry;  
“The dinner waits, and we are tired!”—  
Said Gilpin—“So am I!”

But, ah! his horse was not a whit  
Inclin'd to tarry there;  
For why?—his owner had a house  
Full ten miles-off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew  
Shot by an archer strong;  
So did he fly—which brings me to  
The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin, out of breath,  
And fore against his will,  
Till at his friend's, the callender's  
His horse at last stood still.

The



The Callender, surpriz'd to see  
 His friend in such a trim,  
 Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,  
 And thus accosted him—

“What news? what news?—the tidings tell;  
 Make haste and tell me all!  
 Say, why bare-headed you are come,  
 Or why you come at all?”

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,  
 And lov'd a timely joke;  
 And thus unto the Callender,  
 In merry strains he spoke—

“I came because your horse would come;  
 And, if I well forbode,  
 My hat and wig will soon be here;  
 They are upon the road.”

The Callender, right glad to find  
 His friend in merry pin,  
 Return'd him not a single word,  
 But to the house went in:

Whence fraight he came with hat and wig,  
 A wig that droop'd behind,  
 A hat not much the worse for wear;  
 Each comely in its kind.

246 POEMS FOR YOUNG LADIES.

He held them up ; and, in his turn  
Thus shew'd his ready wit—  
My head is twice as big as yours,  
They therefore needs must fit.

But let me scrape the dirt away  
That hangs about your face ;  
And stop and eat—for well you may  
Be in a hungry case !”

Said John—“ It is my wedding-day ;  
And folks would gape and stare,  
If wife should dine at Edmonton,  
And I should dine at Ware.”

Then, speaking to his horse, he said,  
I am in haste to dine ;  
’Twas for your pleasure you came here,  
You shall go back for mine.”

Ah ! luckless word and bootless boast,  
For which he paid full dear ;  
For, while he spoke, a braying ass  
Did sing most loud and clear :

Whereat his horse did snort, as if  
He heard a lion roar ;  
And gallop’d off, with all his might,  
As he had done before.

Away

Away went Gilpin—and away  
 Went Gilpin's hat and wig ;  
 He lost them sooner than at first :  
 For why ?—they were too big.

Now Gilpin's wife, when she had seen  
 Her husband posting down  
 Into the country far away,  
 She pull'd out half-a-crown ;

And thus unto the youth she said  
 That drove them to the Bell,  
 This shall be yours, when you bring back  
 My husband safe and well."

The youth did ride, and soon they met ;  
 He try'd to stop John's horse  
 By seizing fast the flowing rein,  
 But only made things worse.

For, not performing what he meant,  
 And gladly would have done,  
 Here thereby frightened Gilpin's horse,  
 And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin—and away  
 Went post-boy at his heels ;  
 The post-boy's horse right glad to miss  
 The lumber of the wheels.

248 POEMS FOR YOUNG LADIES.

Six gentlemen upon the road  
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,  
With post-boy scamp'ring in the rear,  
They rais'd the hue and cry.

"Stop thief!—stop thief!—a highwayman!"  
Not one of them was mute;  
So they, and all that pass'd that way,  
Soon join'd in the pursuit.

But all the turnpike-gates again  
Flew open in short space;  
The men still thinking, as before,  
That Gilpin rode a race:

And so he did, and won it too,  
For he got first to town:  
Nor stopp'd till where he first got up  
He did again get down.

Now let us sing—"Long live the King;  
And Gilpin, long live he;  
And when he next does ride abroad,  
May I be there to see!"

THE

THE GRAND QUESTION DEBATED,  
whether *Hamilton's Bawn* should be turned into a  
BARRACK or a MALT HOUSE.

Written in 1729, by DEAN SWIFT,

And read with great Applause by MR HENDERSON,  
at Freemason's-Hall.

THUS spoke to my Lady the Knight \* full of care,  
" Let me have your advice in a weighty affair,  
This Hamilton's bawn †, while it sticks on my hand,  
I lose by the house what I get by the land;  
But how to dispose of it to the best bidder,  
For a barrack ‡ or malt-house, we now must consider.

First let me suppose I make it a malt-house,  
Here I have computed the profit will fall t' us;  
There's nine hundred pounds for labour and grain,  
I increase it to twelve, so three hundred remain;  
A handsome addition for wine and good chear,  
Three dishes a day, and three hogsheds a year;  
With a dozen large vessels my vault shall be stor'd;  
No little scrub joint shall come on my board;

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I i

And

\* Sir Arthur Acheson, at whose seat this was written.

† A large house, two miles from Sir Arthur's seat.

‡ The army in Ireland is lodged in strong buildings, called barracks.



250 POEMS FOR YOUNG LADIES.

And you and the Dean no more shall combine  
To stint me at night to one bottle of wine;  
Nor shall I, for his humour, permit you to purloin,  
A stone and a quarter of beef from my furloin.  
If I make it a barrack, the crown is my tenant;  
My dear, I ponder'd again and again on't:  
In poundage and drawbacks I lose half my rent,  
Whatever they give me, I must be content,  
Or join with the court in every debate;  
And rather than that, I would lose my estate."

Thus ended the knight: thus began his meek wife:  
"It must, and it shall be a barrack, my life.  
I'm grown a mere *mopus*; no company comes,  
But a rabble of tenants, and rusty dull \* Rums.  
With Parsons what lady can keep herself clean?  
I'm all over daub'd when I sit by the Dean.  
But if you will give us a barrack, my dear,  
The Captain, I'm sure, will always come here;  
I then shall not value his Deanship a straw,  
For the Captain, I warrant, will keep him in awe;  
Or, should he pretend to be brisk and alert,  
Will tell him that Chaplains should not be so pert;  
That men of his coat should be minding their prayers,  
And not among ladies to give themselves airs."

Thus argued my Lady, but argued in vain;  
The Knight his opinion resolv'd to maintain.

But

\* A cant word in Ireland for a poor clergyman

But Hannah \*, who listen'd to all that was past,  
 And could not endure so vulgar a taste,  
 As soon as her Ladyship call'd to be dress'd,  
 Cry'd, " Madam, why surely my master's posses't.  
 Sir Arthur the maltster ! how fine it will found !  
 I'd rather the bawn were sunk under ground.  
 But, madam, I guess'd there would never come good,  
 When I saw him so often with † Darby and Wood.  
 And now my dream's out ; for I was a-dream'd  
 That I saw a huge rat—O dear, how I scream'd !  
 And after, methought, I had lost my new shoes ;  
 And Molly, she said, I should hear some ill news.

Dear madam, had you but the spirit to teaze,  
 You might have a barrack whenever you please :  
 And, madam, I always believ'd you so stout,  
 That for twenty denials you would not give out.  
 If I had a husband like him, I purtest,  
 Till he gave me my will, I would give him no rest ;  
 And, rather than come in the same pair of sheets  
 With such a cross man, I would lie in the streets :  
 But, madam, I beg you contrive and invent,  
 And worry him out, till he gives his consent.  
 Dear madam, whene'er of a barrack I think,  
 An I were to be hang'd, I can't sleep a wink :

I i 2

For

\* My lady's waiting-woman.

† Two of Sir Arthur's managers.

For if a new crotchet comes into my brain,  
 I can't get it out, though I'd never so fain.  
 I fancy already a barrack contriv'd  
 At Hamilton's Bawn, and the troop is arriv'd;  
 Of this to be sure Sir Arthur has warning,  
 And waits on the Captain betimes in the morning.

Now see, when they meet, how their honours behave,  
 Noble Captain, your servant—"Sir Arthur, your  
 slave;

You honour me much"—"the honour is mine."—  
 "'Twas a sad rainy night"—"But the morning is  
 fine."

"Pray, how does my Lady?"—"My wife's at your  
 service."

"I think I have seen her picture by Jarvas."

"Good-morrow, good Captain." "I'll wait on you  
 down."

"You sha'n't stir a foot."—"You'll think me a clown:  
 For all the world, Captain—" "Not half an inch  
 farther."

"You must be obey'd!"—"Your servant, Sir Arthur!  
 My humble respects to my Lady unknown."

"I hope you will use my house as your own."

"Go bring me my smock, and leave off your prate,  
 Thou hast certainly gotten a cup in thy pate."

"Pray, madam, be quiet; what was it I said?  
 You had like to have put it quite out of my head.

Next

Next day, to be sure, the Captain will come,  
At the head of his troops, with trumpet and drum.  
Now, madam, observe how he marches in state :  
The man with the kettle-drum enters the gate :  
Dub, dub, adub, dub. The-trumpeters follow,  
Tantara, tantara ; while all the boys hollo.  
See now comes the Captain all daub'd with gold lace :  
O la ! the sweet gentleman ! look in his face ;  
And see how he rides like a lord of the land,  
With the fineflaming sword that he holds in his hand ;  
And his horse, the dear *creter*, it prances and rears ;  
With ribbons in knots at its tail and its ears :  
At last comes the troop, by word of command,  
Drawn up in our court ; when the Captain cries STAND !  
Your Ladyship lifts up the sash to be seen,  
For sure I had dizen'd you out like a queen.  
The Captain, to shew he is proud of the favour,  
Looks up to your window, and cocks up his beaver ;  
(His beaver is cock'd ; pray, madam, mark that,  
For a Captain of horse never takes off his hat,  
Because he has never a hand that is idle,  
For the right holds the sword, and the left holds  
the bridle.)  
Then flourishes thrice his sword in the air,  
As a compliment due to a lady so fair ;  
(How I tremble to think of the blood it has spilt !)  
Then he lowers down the point, and kisses the hilt.  
Your



Your Ladyship smiles, and thus you begin;  
 Pray, Captain, be pleas'd to alight and walk in."  
 "The Captain salutes you with congee profound,  
 And your Ladyship curtsies half way to the ground.  
 Kit, run to your master, and bid him come to us,  
 I'm sure he'll be proud of the honour you do us;  
 And, Captain, you'll do us the favour to stay,  
 And take a short dinner here with us to-day:  
 You're heartily welcome; but as for good cheer,  
 You come in the very worst time of the year;  
 If I had expected so worthy a guest——"

"Lord! madam! your Ladyship sure is in jest:  
 You banter me, madam; the kingdom must grant——"  
 "You officers, Captain, are so complaisant!"

"Hift, huffy, I think I hear somebody coming——"  
 No, madam; 'tis only Sir Arthur a-humming,  
 To shorten my tale (for I hate a long story)  
 The Captain at dinner appears in his glory;  
 The Dean and the Doctor\* hath humbled their pride,  
 For the Captain's entreated to sit by your side;  
 And, because he's their betters, you carve for him first;  
 The parsons for envy are ready to burst.  
 The servants amaz'd are scarce ever able  
 To keep off their eyes, as they wait at the table;  
 And Molly and I have thrust in our nose,  
 To peep at the Captain in all his fine clo'es.

Dear

\* Doctor Jinny, a clergyman in the neighbourhood.



Dear madam, be sure he's a fine spoken man,  
 Do but hear on the Clergy how glib his tongue ran;  
 And madam, says he, if such dinners you give,  
 You'll ne'er want for Parsons as long a you live.  
 I ne'er knew a Parson without a good nose:  
 But the Devil's as welcome wherever he goes:  
 G--d d--n me! they bid us reform and repent,  
 But, z---s! by their looks they never keep Lent:  
 Mr Curate, for all your grave looks I'm afraid  
 You cast a sheep's eye on her Ladyship's maid:  
 I wish she would lend you her pretty white hand  
 In mending your cassock, and smoothing your band.  
 (For the Dean was so shabby, and look'd like a ninny,  
 That the Captain suppos'd he was Curate to Jinny)  
 Whenever you see a cassock and gown,  
 A hundred to one but it covers a clown.  
 Observe how a Parson comes into a room;  
 G--d d--n me! he hobbles as bad as my groom;  
 A scholar, when just from his college broke loose,  
 Can hardly tell how to cry bo to a goose;  
 Your \* Noveds, and Bluturcks, and Omurs, and stuff,  
 By G—, they don't signify this pinch of snuff.  
 To give a good gentleman right education,  
 The army's the only good school in the nation:  
 My school-master call'd me a dunce and a fool.  
 But at cuffs I was always the cock of the school;  
I never

\* Ovids, Plutarchs, Homers.

I never could take to my book for the blood o' me.  
 And the puppy confess'd he expected no good o' me.  
 He caught me one morning coquetting his wife,  
 But he maul'd me, I ne'er was so maul'd in my life:  
 So I took to the road, and, what's very odd,  
 The first man I robb'd was a Parson, by G——.  
 Now, madam, you'll think it a strange thing to say,  
 But the sight of a book makes me sick to this day."

"Never since I was born did I hear so much wit,  
 And, madam, I laugh'd till I thought I should split,  
 So then you look'd scornful, and snift at the Dean,  
 As who should say, "Now, am I \* skinny and lean?"  
 But he durst not so much as once open his lips,  
 And the Doctor was plaguily down in the hips."

Thus merciless Hannah ran on in her talk,  
 Till she heard the Dean call, "Will your Ladyship  
 walk?"

Her Ladyship answers, "I'm just coming down:"  
 Then, turning to Hannah and forcing a frown,  
 Although it was plain in her heart she was glad,  
 Cry'd, "Huffy, why sure the wench is gone mad!  
 How could these chimeras get into your brains?—  
 Come hither, and take this old gown for your pains.  
 But the Dean, if this secret should come to his ears,  
 Will never have done with his gibes and his jeers:  
 For your life, not a word of the matter I charge ye:  
 Give me but a barrack, a fig for the clergy."

\* Nick-names for my Lady.

## ELEGY

Written in a COUNTRY CHURCH YARD, BY GRAY.

Read by MR SHERIDAN, at Freemason's-Hall.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,  
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,  
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,  
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight  
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,  
Save where the beetle wheels his dröny flight,  
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r,  
The moping owl does to the moon complain  
Of such, as wand'ring near her secret bow'r,  
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-trees shade,  
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,  
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,  
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,  
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw built shed,  
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,  
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,  
 Or busy housewife ply her evening care;  
 No children run to lisp their fire's return,  
 Or climb his knees the envied kifs to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,  
 Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;  
 How jocund did they drive their team a-field!  
 How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,  
 Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;  
 Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile  
 The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,  
 And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,  
 Await alike th' inevitable hour,  
 The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,  
 If mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies raise,  
 Where through the long drawn aisle and fretted vault,  
 The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust,  
 Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?  
 Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,  
 Or Flatt'ry sooth the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid  
 Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire ;  
 Hands that the rod of empire might have sway'd,  
 Or wak'd to ecstacy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,  
 Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unrol ;  
 Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,  
 And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,  
 The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear :  
 Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
 And waste its sweetness in the desert air.

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntless breast  
 The little tyrant of the fields withstood ;  
 Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,  
 Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,  
 The threats of pain and ruin to despise,  
 To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,  
 And read their hist'ry in a nation's eyes

Their lot forbade ; nor circumscrib'd alone  
 Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd ;  
 Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,  
 And shut the gates of mercy on mankind :



260 POEMS FOR YOUNG LADIES.

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,  
 To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,  
 Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride  
 With incense kindled at the muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,  
 Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;  
 Along the cool sequester'd vale of life  
 They kept the noiseless tenour of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect  
 Some frail memorial still erected nigh,  
 With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,  
 Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the unletter'd Muse,  
 The place of Fame and Elegy supply:  
 And many a holy text around she strews,  
 That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,  
 This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,  
 Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,  
 Nor cast one longing ling'ring look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,  
 Some pious drops the closing eye requires;  
 Ev'n from the tomb the voice of nature cries,  
 Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For

For thee who, mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,  
 Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,  
 If chance, by lonely contemplation led,  
 Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,  
 "Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn  
 Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,  
 To meet the sun upon the upland lawn."

There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech  
 That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,  
 His listless length at noontide would he stretch,  
 And pore upon the brook that bubbles by.

Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,  
 Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he would rove,  
 Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,  
 Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

One morn I miss'd him on th' accustom'd hill,  
 Along the heath and near his fav'rite tree ;  
 Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,  
 Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he :

The next, with dirges due, in sad array,  
 Slow thro' the church-way path we saw him borne.  
 Approach, and read (if thou can'st read) the lay,  
 Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE

## T H E

## E P I T A P H.

**H**ERE rests his head upon the lap of Earth.

A youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown.  
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,  
And melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,  
Heav'n did a recompence as largely send :  
He gave to Mis'ry all he had, a tear,  
He gain'd from Heav'n, 'twas all he wish'd, a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,  
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,  
(There they alike in trembling hope repose)  
The bosom of his Father and his God.

## ALEXANDER'S FEAST;

OR

## THE POWER OF MUSIC.

As recited by Mr SHERIDAN, at Freemasons-Hall; and esteemed the most sublime and harmonious Piece of Poetic Composition that any Language can boast of.

**'T**WAS at the royal Feast, for Persia won,  
By Philip's warlike son :

Aloft

Aloft, in awful ftate,  
 The god-like hero fate  
 On his imperial throne :  
 His valiant peers were plac'd around ;  
 Their brows with rofes and with myrtles bound :  
 So fhould defert in arms be crown'd.

The lovely Thais by his fide,  
 Sat like a blooming eastern bride,  
 In flow'r of youth and beauty's pride.

Happy, happy, happy pair !  
 None but the brave,  
 None but the brave,  
 None but the brave deferve the fair.  
 Timotheus plac'd on high  
 Amid the tuneful quire,  
 With flying fingers touch'd the lyre :  
 The trembling notes afcend the fky ;  
 And heav'nly joys infpire.

The fong began from Jove,  
 Who left his blifsful feats above ;  
 (Such is the pow'r of mighty Love.)  
 A dragon's fiery form bely'd the god ;  
 Sublime, on radiant fpires he rode,  
 When he to fair Olympia prefs'd,  
 And while he fought her fnowy breaf :  
 Then

Then round her slender waist he curl'd,  
And stamp'd an image of himself, a soveriegn of  
the world.

The listening crowd admire the lofty sound,  
A present Deity ! they shout around.  
A present Deity ! the vaulted roofs rebound.

With ravish'd ears  
The monarch hears ;  
Assumes the god,  
Affects to nod :  
And seems to shake the spheres.

The praise of Bacchus, then, the sweet musician sung ;  
Of Bacchus, ever fair, and ever young ;  
The jolly god in triumph comes ;  
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums ;  
Flush'd with a purple grace,  
He shews his honest face ;  
Now gives the hautboys breath ; he comes ! he comes !

Bacchus, ever fair, and young,  
Drinking joys did first ordain ;  
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,  
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure :  
Rich the treasure,  
Sweet the pleasure ;  
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Sooth'd



Sooth'd with the sound, the king grew vain;  
 Fought all his battles o'er again;  
 And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he  
 flew the slain:

The master saw the madness rise,  
 His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;  
 And while he heav'n and earth defy'd,  
 Chang'd his hand and check'd his pride.

He chose a mournful muse,  
 Soft pity to infuse.  
 He sung Darius great and good,  
 By too severe a fate,  
 Fall'n from his high estate,  
 And weltring in his blood.

Deserted at his utmost need,  
 By those his former bounty fed,  
 On the bare earth expos'd he lies,  
 Without a friend to close his eyes.

With downcast looks the joyless victor sat,  
 Revolving in his alter'd soul,  
 The various turns of chance below,  
 And, now and then, a sigh he stole,  
 And tears began to flow.

Behold Darius great and good,  
 Fallen, welt'ring in his blood ;  
 On the bare earth expos'd he lies,  
 Without a friend to close his eyes.

The mighty master smil'd to see  
 That love was in the next degree  
 'Twas but a kindred sound to move,  
 For pity melts the mind to love.

Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,  
 Soon he footh'd his soul to pleasures.  
 War, he sung, is toil and trouble.  
 Honour, but an empty bubble ;  
 Never ending, still beginning,  
 Fighting still, and still destroying,  
 If the world be worth thy winning,  
 Think, O think it worth enjoying :  
 Lovely Thais sits beside thee,  
 Take the good the gods provide thee.

The many rend the skies with loud applause ;  
 So Love was crown'd, but Music won the cause.

The prince unable to conceal his pain,  
 Gaz'd on the fair,  
 Who caus'd his care ;

And

And figh'd and look'd, figh'd and look'd,  
Sighed and look'd, and figh'd again.  
At length, with love and wine at once opprest,  
The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

The many rend the skies with loud applause;  
So Love was crown'd, but Music won the cause.

Now strike the golden lyre again;  
A louder yet—and yet a louder strain;  
Break his bands of sleep afunder,  
And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.

Hark, hark!—the horrid sound  
Has rais'd up his head,  
As awak'd from the dead!  
And amaz'd he stares around.

Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,  
See the furies arise,  
See the snakes that they rear,  
How they hiss in their hair,  
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!

Behold a ghastly band,  
Each a torch in his hand!

268 POEMS FOR YOUNG LADIES.

Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,  
And unburied remain  
Inglorious on the plain.

Give the vengeance due  
To the valiant crew:  
Behold how they toss their torches on high,  
How they point to the Persian abodes,  
And glitt'ring temples of their hostile gods!

The princes applaud with a furious joy;  
And the king seiz'd a flambeau, with zeal to destroy,

Thais led the way,  
To light him to his prey;  
And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.

Thus long ago,  
Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,  
While organs yet were mute,  
Timotheus, to the breathing flute  
And sounding lyre,  
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire,

At last divine Cecilia came,  
Inventress of the vocal frame;  
The sweet enthusiast from her sacred store.

Enlarg'd

Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,  
And added length to solemn sounds,  
With nature's mother wit, and arts unknown before.

Let old Timotheus yield the prize,  
Or both divide the crown;  
He rais'd a mortal to the skies,  
She drew an angel down.

### THE JUGGLERS.

By G A Y.

As recited by Mr HENDERSON, at Freemasons Hall.

A Juggler long through all the town  
Had rais'd his fortune and renown;  
You'd think (so far his art transcends)  
The devil at his fingers ends.

Vice heard his fame, she read his bill;  
Convinc'd of his inferior skill,  
She fought his booth, and from the crowd  
Defy'd the man of art aloud.

Is this then he so fam'd for flight?  
Can this flow bungler cheat your fight?

Dares



Dares he with me dispute the prize  
I leave it to impartial eyes.

Provok'd the Juggler cry'd, 'Tis done.  
In science I submit to none.

Thus said. The cups and balls he play'd;  
By turns, this here, that there, convey'd.  
The cards, obedient to his words,  
Are by a fillip turn'd to birds.  
His little boxes change the grain:  
Trick after trick deludes the train.  
He shakes his bag, he shews all fair;  
His fingers spread, and nothing there;  
Then bids it rain with showers of gold,  
And now his iv'ry eggs are told.  
But when from thence the hen he draws,  
Amaz'd spectators hum applause.

Vice now stept forth, and took the place  
With all the forms of his grimace.

This magic looking-glass, she cries,  
(There hand it round) will charm your eyes.  
Each eager eye the sight desir'd,  
And ev'ry man himself admir'd.

Next,

Next, to a Senator address'ing;  
 See this bank-note; observe the blessing,  
 Breathe on the Bill. Heigh, pass! 'Tis gone  
 Upon his lips a padlock shone.  
 A second puff the magic broke;  
 The padlock vanish'd and he spoke.

Twelve bottles rang'd upon the board,  
 All full, with heady liquor stor'd,  
 By clean conveyance disappear,  
 And now two bloody swords are there.

A purse she to a Thief expos'd;  
 At once his ready fingers clos'd.  
 He opes his fist the treasure's fled;  
 He sees a halter in its stead.

She bids Ambition hold a wand;  
 He grasps a hatchet in his hand.

A box of charity she shows,  
 Blow here; and a Church-warden blows.  
 'Tis vanish'd with conveyance neat,  
 And on the table smokes a treat.

She shakes the dice, the board she knocks,  
 And from all pockets fills her box.

She

272 POEMS FOR YOUNG LADIES.

She next a meagre Rake address.  
 This picture see; her shape, her breast!  
 What youth, and what inviting eyes!  
 Hold her, and have her. With surprise,  
 His hand expos'd a box of pills,  
 And a loud laugh proclaim'd his ills.

A counter, in a Miser's hand,  
 Grew twenty guineas at command.  
 She bids his heir the sum retain,  
 And 'tis a counter now again.  
 A guinea with her touch you see  
 Take ev'ry shape, but Charity;  
 And not one thing you saw, or drew,  
 But chang'd from what was first in view.

The Juggler now in grief of heart,  
 With this submission own'd her art.  
 Can I such matchless flight withstand!  
 How practice hath improv'd your hand!  
 But now and then I cheat the throng;  
 You ev'ry day, and all day long.

ELEGY

---

E L E G Y

TO THE MEMORY OF AN  
UNFORTUNATE LADY.

By POPE.

WHAT beck'ning ghost, along the moon-light  
shade

Invites my steps, and points to yonder glade?

'Tis she;—but why that bleeding bosom gor'd?

Why dimly gleams the visionary sword?

Oh ever beauteous, ever friendly! tell,

Is it, in heaven, a crime to love too well?

To bear too tender or too firm a heart,

To act a lover's or a Roman's part?

Is there no bright reversion in the sky

For those who greatly think, or bravely die?

Why bade ye else, ye pow'rs! her soul aspire  
Above the vulgar flight of low desire?

Ambition first sprung from your blest abodes;

The glorious fault of angels and of gods:

Thence to their images on earth it flows,

And in the breasts of kings and heroes glows.

Most souls, 'tis true, but peep out once an age,

Dull fullen pris'ners in the body's cage;

Dim lights of life, that burn a length of years  
 Useless, unseen, as lamps in sepulchres;  
 Like eastern kings, a lazy state they keep,  
 And close confin'd to their own palace, sleep.

From these perhaps (ere nature bade her die)  
 Fate snatch'd her early to the pitying sky.  
 As into air the purer spirits flow,  
 And sep'rate from their kindred dregs below;  
 So flew the soul to its congenial place,  
 Nor left one virtue to redeem her race.

But thou, false guardian of a charge too good,  
 Thou mean deserter of thy brother's blood!  
 See on these ruby lips the trembling breath,  
 These cheeks, now fading at the blast of death;  
 Cold is that breast which warm'd the world before,  
 And those love-darting eyes must roll no more.  
 Thus, if eternal Justice rules the ball,  
 Thus shall your wives, and thus your children, fall:  
 On all the line a sudden vengeance waits,  
 And frequent hearſes ſhall beſiege your gates;  
 Their paſſengers ſhall ſtand, and, pointing, ſay,  
 (While the long fun'ral's blacken all the way)  
 Lo! theſe were they, whoſe ſouls the furies ſteel'd,  
 And curs'd with hearts unknowing how to yield.

Thus



Thus unlamented pass'd the proud away,  
 The gaze of fools, and pageants of a day!  
 So perish all, whose breast ne'er learn'd to glow  
 For others good, or melt at others woe.

What can atone (oh ever-injur'd shade!)  
 Thy fate unpity'd and thy rites unpaid?  
 No friends complaint, no kind domestic tear,  
 Pleas'd thy pale ghost, or grac'd the mournful bier;  
 By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd,  
 By foreign hands thy decent limbs compos'd,  
 By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,  
 By stranger's honour'd, and by strangers mourn'd!  
 What though no friends in fable weeds appear,  
 Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year,  
 And bear about the mockery of woe  
 To midnight dances and the public show?  
 What though no weeping loves thy ashes grace,  
 Nor polish'd marble emulate thy face?  
 What though no sacred earth allow thee room,  
 Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb?  
 Yet shall thy grave with rising flow'rs be dress'd,  
 And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast:  
 There shall the morn her earliest tears bestow,  
 There the first roses of the year shall blow;  
 While angels with their silver wings o'ershade  
 The ground, now sacred by thy relics made.

276 POEMS FOR YOUNG LADIES.

So peaceful rests, without a stone, a name,  
 What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame.  
 How lov'd, how honour'd once, avails thee not,  
 To whom related, or by whom begot;  
 A heap of dust alone remains of thee;  
 'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be!

Poets themselves must fall, like those they sung,  
 Deaf the prais'd ear, and mute the tuneful tongue.  
 Ev'n he, whose soul now melts in mournful lays,  
 Shall shortly want the generous tear he pays;  
 Then from his closing eyes thy form shall part,  
 And the last pang shall tear thee from his heart;  
 Life's idle bus'ness at one gasp be o'er,  
 The muse forgot, and thou belov'd no more!

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